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ANECDOTES OF LORD BYRON.

Extract of a Letter from Geneva.

[We received several private letters in the course of last autumn from a friend travelling on the continent, and among others the following, which we give to the public on account of its containing anecdotes of an Individual, concerning whom the most trifling circumstances, if they tend to mark even the minor features of his mind, cannot fail of being considered important and valuable by those who know how to appreciate his erratic but transcendent genius. The tale which accompanied the letter we have also much pleasure in presenting to our readers.—Ed.]

“**I** BREATHE freely in the neighbourhood of this lake; the ground upon which I tread has been subdued from the earliest ages; the principal objects which immediately strike my eye, bring to my recollection scenes, in which man acted the hero and was the chief object of interest. Not to look back to earlier times of battles and sieges, here is the bust of Rousseau—here is the house with an inscription denoting that the Genevan philosopher first drew breath under its roof. A little out of the town is Ferney the residence of Voltaire; where that wonderful, though certainly in many respects contemptible, character, received, like the hermits of old, the visits of pilgrims, not only from his own nation, but from the farthest boundaries of Europe. Here too is Bonnet's abode, and, a few steps beyond, the house of that astonishing woman,

Madame de Staël, perhaps the first of her sex, who has really proved its often claimed equality with the nobler man. We have had before, women who have written interesting novels and poems, in which their tact at observing drawing-room characters has availed them; but never since the days of Heloise have those faculties which are peculiar to man, been developed as the possible inheritance of woman. Though even here, as in the case of Heloise, our sex have not been backward in alleging the existence of an Abelard in the person of M. Schlegel as the inspirer of her works. But to proceed: upon the same side of the lake, Gibbon, Bonniard, Bradshaw and others, mark, as it were, the stages for our progress; whilst upon the other side there is one house built by Diodati, the friend of Milton, which has contained within its walls, for several months, that poet whom we have so often read together, and who—if human passions remain the same, and human feelings, like chords, on being swept by nature's impulses shall vibrate as before—will be placed by posterity in the first rank of our English Poets. You must have heard, or the Third Canto of Childe Harold will have informed you, that Lord Byron resided many months in this neighbourhood. I went with some friends a few days ago,

after having seen Ferney, to view this mansion. I trod the floors with the same feelings of awe and respect as we did, together, those of Shakspeare's dwelling at Stratford. I sat down in a chair of the saloon, and satisfied myself that I was resting on what he had made his constant seat. I found a servant there who had lived with him; she, however, gave me but little information. She points out his bed-chamber upon the same level as the saloon and dining-room, and informed me that he retired to rest at three, got up at two, and employed himself a long time over his toilette; that he never went to sleep without a pair of pistols and a dagger by his side, and that he never eat animal food. He apparently spent some part of every day upon the lake in an English boat. There is a balcony from the saloon which looks upon the lake and the mountain Jura; and, I imagine, that it must have been hence, he contemplated the storm so magnificently described in the Third Canto; for you have from here a most extensive view of all the points he has therein depicted. I can fancy him like the scathed pine, whilst all around was sunk to repose, still waking to observe, what gave but a weak image of the storms which had desolated his own breast.

The sky is changed!—and such a change; Oh, night!
 And storm and darkness, ye are wond'rous strong,
 Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
 Of a dark eye in woman! Far along
 From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
 Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud
 But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
 And Jura answers thro' her misty shroud,
 Back to the joyous Alps who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night:—Most glorious night!
 Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
 A sharer in thy far and fierce delight,—
 A portion of the tempest and of me!
 How the lit lake shines a phosphoric sea,
 And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
 And now again 'tis black,—and now the glee
 Of the loud hill shakes with its mountain mirth,
 As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

Now where the swift Rhine cleaves his way between

Heights which appear, as lovers who have parted
 In haste, whose mining depths so intervene,
 That they can meet no more, tho' broken hearted;
 Tho' in their souls which thus each other thwarted,

Love was the very root of the fond rage
 Which blighted their life's bloom, and then departed—

Itself expired, but leaving them an age
 Of years all winter—war within themselves to wage.

I went down to the little port, if I may use the expression, wherein his vessel used to lay, and conversed with the cottager, who had the care of it. You may smile, but I have my pleasure in thus helping my personification of the individual I admire, by attaining to the knowledge of those circumstances which were daily around him. I have made numerous enquiries in the town concerning him, but can learn nothing. He only went into society there once, when M. Pictet took him to the house of a lady to spend the evening. They say he is a very singular man, and seem to think him very uncivil. Amongst other things they relate, that having invited M. Pictet and Bonstetten to dinner, he went on the lake to Chillon, leaving a gentleman who travelled with him to receive them, and make his apologies. Another evening, being invited to the house of Lady D—— H——, he promised to attend, but upon approaching the windows of her ladyship's villa, and perceiving the room to be full of company, he put down his friend, desiring him to plead his excuse, and immediately returned home. This will serve as a contradiction to the report which you tell me is current in England, of his having been avoided by his countrymen on the continent. The case happens to be directly the reverse, as he has been generally sought after by them, though on most occasions, apparently without success. It is said, indeed, that upon paying his first visit at Coppet, following the servant who had announced his name, he was surprised to meet a lady carried out fainting; but before he had been seated many minutes, the same lady, who had been so affected at the sound of his name, returned and conversed with him a considerable time... such is female curiosity and affectation! He visited Coppet frequently, and of course associated there with several of his countrymen, who evinced no reluctance to meet him whom his enemies alone would represent as an outcast.

Though I have been so unsuccessful in this town, I have been more fortunate in my enquiries elsewhere. There is a society three or four miles from Geneva, the centre of which is the Countess of Breuss, a Russian lady, well acquainted with the *agrémens de la Société*, and who has collected them round herself at her mansion. It was chiefly here, I find, that the gentleman who travelled with Lord Byron, as physician, sought for society. He used almost every day to cross the lake by himself, in one of their flat-bottomed boats, and return after passing the evening with his friends about eleven or twelve at night, often whilst the storms were raging in the circling summits of the mountains around. As he became intimate, from long acquaintance, with several of the families in this neighbourhood, I have gathered from their accounts some excellent traits of his lordship's character, which I will relate to you at some future opportunity. I must, however, free him from one imputation attached to him—of having in his house two sisters as the partakers of his revels. This is, like many other charges which have been brought against his lordship, entirely destitute of truth. His only companion was the physician I have already mentioned. The report originated from the following circumstance: Mr. Percy Bysshe Shelly, a gentleman well known for extravagance of doctrine, and for his daring in their profession, even to sign himself with the title of *Ates* in the Album at Chamouny, having taken a house below, in which he resided with Miss M. W. Godwin and Miss Clermont, (the daughters of the celebrated Mr. Godwin) they were frequently visitors at Diodati, and were often seen upon the lake with his Lordship, which gave rise to the report, the truth of which is here positively denied.

Among other things which the lady, from whom I procured these anecdotes, related to me, she mentioned the outline of a ghost story by Lord Byron. It appears that one evening Lord B., Mr. P. B. Shelly, the two ladies and the gentleman before alluded to, after having perused a German work, which was entitled *Phantasmagoriana*, began relating ghost stories; when his lordship having recited the beginning of *Christabel*, then unpublished, the whole took so strong a hold of Mr. Shelly's mind, that he suddenly started up and ran out of the room. The physician and Lord Byron followed, and discovered him leaning against a mantle-piece, with cold drops of perspiration trickling down his face. After having given him something to refresh him, upon enquiring into the cause of his alarm, they found that his wild imagination having pictured to him the bosom of one of the ladies with eyes (which was reported of a lady in the neighbourhood where he lived) he was obliged to leave the room in order to destroy the impression. It was afterwards proposed, in the course of conversation, that each of the company present should write a tale depending upon some supernatural agency, which was undertaken by Lord B., the physician, and Miss M. W. Godwin. My friend, the lady above referred to, had in her possession the outline of each of these stories; I obtained them as a great favour, and herewith forward them to you, as I was assured you would feel as much curiosity as myself, to peruse the *ebauches* of so great a genius, and those immediately under his influence.*

* We have in our possession the Tale of Dr. —, as well as the outline of that of Miss Godwin. The latter has already appeared under the title of "Frankenstein, or the modern Prometheus;" the former, however, upon consulting with its author, we may, probably, hereafter give to our readers.—Ed.

THE VAMPYRE ; A TALE, BY LORD BYRON.

[The superstition upon which this tale is founded is very general in the East. Among the Arabians it appears to be common : it did not, however, extend itself to the Greeks until after the establishment of Christianity ; and it has only assumed its present form since the division of the Latin and Greek churches ; at which time, the idea becoming prevalent, that a Latin body could not corrupt if buried in their territory, it gradually increased, and formed the subject of many wonderful stories, still extant, of the dead rising from their graves, and feeding upon the blood of the young and beautiful. In the West it spread, with some slight variation, all over Hungary, Poland, Austria, and Lorraine, where the belief existed, that vampyres nightly imbibed a certain portion of the blood of their victims, who became emaciated, lost their strength, and speedily died of consumptions ; whilst these human bloodsuckers fattened---and their veins became distended to such a state of repletion as to cause the blood to flow from all the passages of their bodies, and even from the very pores of their skins.]

In the London Journal of March, 1792, is a curious, and of course *credible* account of a particular case of vampyrism, which is stated to have occurred at Madreyga, in Hungary. It appears, that upon an examination of the commander in chief and magistrates of the place, they positively and unanimously affirmed that, about five years before, a certain Heyduke, named Arnold Paul, had been heard to say, that, at Cassovia, on the frontiers of the Turkish Servia, he had been tormented by a vampyre, but had found a way to rid himself of the evil, by eating some of the earth out of the vampyre's grave, and rubbing himself with his blood. This precaution, however, did not prevent him from becoming a vampyre* himself ; for, about twenty or thirty days after his death and burial, many persons complained of having been tormented by him, and a deposition was made, that four persons had been deprived of life by his attacks. To prevent further mischief, the inhabitants having consulted their Hadagni,† took up the body, and found it (as is supposed to be usual in cases of vampyrism) fresh, and entirely free from corruption, and emitting at the mouth, nose, and ears, pure and florid blood. Proof having been thus obtained, they resorted to the accustomed remedy. A stake was driven entirely through the heart and body of Arnold Paul, at which he is reported to have cried out as dreadfully as if he had been alive. This done, they cut off his head, burned his body, and threw the ashes into his grave. The same measures were adopted with the corpses of those persons who had previously died from vampyrism, lest they should, in their turn, become agents upon others who survived them.

We have related this monstrous rhodomontade, because it seems better adapted to

illustrate the subject of the present observations than any other instance we could adduce. In many parts of Greece it is considered as a sort of punishment after death, for some heinous crime committed whilst in existence, that the deceased is doomed to vampyrise, but be compelled to confine his infernal visitations solely to those beings he loved most while upon earth---those to whom he was bound by ties of kindred and affection. This supposition is, we imagine, alluded to in the following fearfully sublime and prophetic curse from the "Giaour."

But first on earth, as Vampyre sent,
Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent ;
Then ghastly haunt thy native place,
And suck the blood of all thy race ;
There from thy daughter, sister, wife,
At midnight drain the stream of life ;
Yet loathe the banquet, which perforce
Must feed thy livid living corse.
Thy victims, ere they yet expire,
Shall know the demon for their sire ;
As cursing thee, thou cursing them,
Thy flowers are withered on the stem,
But one that for *thy crime* must fall,
The youngest, best beloved of all,
Shall bless thee with a *father's* name—
That word shall wrap thy heart in flames !
Yet thou must end thy task and mark
Her cheek's last tinge—her eye's last spark,
And the last glassy glance must view
Which freezes o'er its lifeless blue ;
Then with unhallowed hand shall tear
The tresses of her yellow hair,
Of which, in life a lock when shorn
Affection's fondest pledge was worn—
But now is borne away by thee
Memorial of thine agony !
Yet with thine own best blood shall drip
Thy gnashing tooth, and haggard lip ;
Then stalking to thy sullen grave,
Go—and with Gouls and Afrits rave,
Till these in horror shrink away
From spectre more accursed than they.

Mr. Southey has also introduced in his wild but beautiful poem of "Thalaba," the vampyre corse of the Arabian maid Oneiza, who is represented as having returned from the grave for the purpose of tormenting him she best loved whilst in existence. But this cannot be supposed to have resulted from the sinfulness of her life, she being portrayed throughout the whole of the tale as a complete type of purity and innocence. The veracious Tournefort gives a long account in his travels of several astonishing cases of vampyrism, to which he pretends to have been an eye-witness ; and Calmet, in his great work upon this subject, besides a variety of anecdotes, and traditional narratives illustrative of its effects, has put forth some learned dissertations, tending to prove it to be a classical, as well as barbarian error.

We could add many curious and interesting notices on this singularly horrible superstition, and we may, perhaps, resume our observations upon it at some future opportu-

* The universal belief is, that a person sucked by a vampyre becomes a vampyre himself, and sucks in his turn.

† Chief bailiff.

nity; for the present, we feel that we have very far exceeded the limits of a note, necessarily devoted to the explanation of the strange production to which we now invite the attention of our readers; and we shall therefore conclude by merely remarking, that though the term Vampyre is the one in most general acceptance, there are several others synonymous with it, which are made use of in various parts of the world, namely, Vraucolocha, Vardoulacha, Goul, Broucoloka, &c.—Ed.]

IT happened that in the midst of the dissipations attendant upon a London winter, there appeared at the various parties of the leaders of the *ton* a nobleman, more remarkable for his singularities, than his rank. He gazed upon the mirth around him, as if he could not participate therein. Apparently, the light laughter of the fair only attracted his attention, that he might by a look quell it, and throw fear into those breasts where thoughtlessness reigned. Those who felt this sensation of awe, could not explain whence it arose: some attributed it to the dead grey eye, which, fixing upon the object's face, did not seem to penetrate, and at one glance to pierce thro' to the inward workings of the heart; but fell upon the cheek with a leaden ray that weighed upon the skin it could not pass. His peculiarities caused him to be invited to every house; all wished to see him, and those who had been accustomed to violent excitement, and now felt the weight of *ennui*, were pleased at having something in their presence capable of engaging their attention. In spite of the deadly hue of his face, which never gained a warmer tint, either from the blush of modesty, or from the strong emotion of passion, though its form and outline were beautiful, many of the female hunters after notoriety attempted to win his attentions, and gain, at least, some marks of what they might term affection; Lady Mercer, who

had been the mockery of every monster shewn in drawing rooms since her marriage, threw herself in his way, and did all but put on the dress of a mountebank, to attract his notice;—though in vain;—when she stood before him, though his eyes were apparently fixed upon her's, still it seemed as if they were unperceived—even her unappalled impudence was baffled, and she left the field. But tho' the common adúlteress could not influence even the guidance of his eyes, it was not that the female sex was indifferent to him: yet such was the apparent caution with which he spoke to the virtuous wife and innocent daughter, that few knew he ever addressed himself to females. He had, however, the reputation of a winning tongue; and whether it was that it even overcame the dread of his singular character, or that they were moved by his apparent hatred of vice, he was as often among those females who form the boast of their sex from their domestic virtues, as among those who sully it by their vices.

About the same time there came to London a young gentleman of the name of Aubrey; he was an orphan left with an only sister in the possession of great wealth, by parents who died while he was yet in childhood. Left also to himself by guardians, who thought it their duty merely to take care of his fortune, while they relinquished the more important charge of his mind to the care of mercenary subalterns, he cultivated more his imagination than his judgment. He had, hence, that high romantic feeling of honour and candour, which daily ruins so many milliners' apprentices. He believed all to sympathise with virtue, and thought that vice was thrown in by Providence merely

for the picturesque effect of the scene, as we see in romances ; he thought that the misery of a cottage merely consisted in the vesting of clothes, which were as warm, but which were better adapted to the painter's eye by their irregular folds and various coloured patches. He thought, in fine, that the dreams of poets were the realities of life. He was handsome, frank, and rich : for these reasons, upon his entering into the gay circles, many mothers surrounded him, striving which should describe with least truth their languishing or romping favourites : the daughters at the same time, by their brightening countenances when he approached, and by their sparkling eyes, when he opened his lips, soon led him into false notions of his talents and his merit. Attached as he was to the romance of his solitary hours, he was startled at finding that except in the tallow and wax candles, that flickered not from the presence of a ghost, but from want of snuffing, there was no foundation in real life for any of that congeries of pleasing pictures and descriptions contained in those volumes, from which he had formed his study. Finding, however, some compensation in his gratified vanity, he was about to relinquish his dreams, when the extraordinary being we have above described, crossed him in his career.

He watched him ; and the very impossibility of forming an idea of the character of a man entirely absorbed in himself, who gave few other signs of his observation of external objects, than the tacit assent to their existence, implied by the avoidance of their contact ; allowing his imagination to picture every thing that flattered its propensity to extravagant ideas,

he soon formed this object into the hero of a romance, and determined to observe the offspring of his fancy, rather than the person before him. He became acquainted with him, paid him attentions, and had so far advanced upon his notice, that his presence was always recognized. He gradually learnt that Lord Ruthven's affairs were embarrassed, and soon found, from the notes of preparation in ----- Street, that he was about to travel. Desirous of gaining some information respecting the singular character, who, till now, had only whetted his curiosity, he hinted to his guardians, that it was time for him to perform the tour which for many generations has been thought necessary to enable the young to take some rapid steps in the career of vice, towards putting themselves upon an equality with the aged, and not allowing them to appear as if fallen from the skies, whenever scandalous intrigues are mentioned as the subjects of pleasantry or of praise, according to the degree of skill shewn in carrying them on. They consented : and Aubrey immediately mentioning his intentions to Lord Ruthven, was surprised to receive from him a proposal to join him. Flattered, by such a mark of esteem from him, who, apparently, had nothing in common with other men, he gladly accepted it, and in a few days they had passed the circling waters.

Hitherto, Aubrey had no opportunity of studying Lord Ruthven's character, and now he found, that, though many more of his actions were exposed to his view, the results offered different conclusions from the apparent motives to his conduct. His companion was profuse in his liberal-

ity ;--the idle, the vagabond, and the beggar, received from his hand more than enough to relieve their immediate wants. But Aubrey could not avoid remarking, that it was not upon the virtuous, reduced to indigence by the misfortunes attendant even upon virtue, that he bestowed his alms ; ---these were sent from the door with hardly suppressed sneers ; but when the profligate came to ask something, not to relieve his wants, but to allow him to wallow in his lust, or to sink him still deeper in his iniquity, he was sent away with rich charity. This was, however, attributed by him to the greater importunity of the vicious, which generally prevails over the retiring bashfulness of the virtuous indigent. There was one circumstance about the charity of his lordship, which was still more impressed upon his mind : all those upon whom it was bestowed, inevitably found that there was a curse upon it, for they all were either led to the scaffold, or sunk to the lowest and the most abject misery. At Brussels and other towns thro' which they passed, Aubrey was surprised at the apparent eagerness with which his companion sought for the centres of all fashionable vice ; there he entered into all the spirit of the faro table ; he betted, and always gambled with success, except where the known sharper was his antagonist, and then he lost even more than he gained ; but it was always with the same unchanging face, with which he generally watched the society around : it was not, however, so when he encountered the rash youthful novice, or the luckless father of a numerous family ; then his very wish seemed fortune's law....this apparent abstractedness of mind was laid aside, and his eyes spark-

led with more fire than that of the cat whilst dallying with the half dead mouse. In every town, he left the formerly affluent youth, torn from the circle he adorned, cursing, in the solitude of a dungeon, the fate that had drawn him within the reach of this fiend ; whilst many a father sat frantic, amidst the speaking looks of mute hungry children, without a single farthing of his late immense wealth, wherewith to buy even sufficient to satisfy their present craving. Yet he took no money from the gambling table : but immediately lost, to the ruiner of many, the last gilder he had just snatched from the convulsive grasp of the innocent : this might but be the result of a certain degree of knowledge, which was not, however, capable of combating the cunning of the more experienced. Aubrey often wished to represent this to his friend, and beg him to resign that charity and pleasure which proved the ruin of all, and did not tend to his own profit ;...but he delayed it...for each day he hoped his friend would give him some opportunity of speaking frankly and openly to him ; however, this never occurred. Lord Ruthven in his carriage, and amidst the various wild and rich scenes of nature, was always the same : his eye spoke less than his lip ; and though Aubrey was near the object of his curiosity, he obtained no greater gratification from it than the constant excitement of vainly wishing to break that mystery, which to his exalted imagination began to assume the appearance of something supernatural.

They soon arrived at Rome, and Aubrey for a time lost sight of his companion ; he left him in daily attendance upon the morn-

ing circle of an Italian countess, whilst he went in search of the memorials of another almost deserted city. Whilst he was thus engaged, letters arrived from England, which he opened with eager impatience; the first was from his sister, breathing nothing but affection; the others were from his guardians, the latter astonished him: if it had before entered into his imagination that there was an evil power resident in his companion, these seemed to give him almost sufficient reason for the belief. His guardians insisted upon his immediately leaving his friend, and urged, that his character was dreadfully vicious, for that the possession of irresistible powers of seduction, rendered his licentious habits more dangerous to society. It had been discovered, that his contempt for the adulteress had not originated in hatred of her character; but that he had required, to enhance his gratification, that his victim, the partner of his guilt, should be hurled from the pinnacle of unsullied virtue, down to the lowest abyss of infamy and degradation; in fine, that all those females whom he had sought apparently on account of their virtue, had, since his departure, thrown even the mask aside, and had not scrupled to expose the whole deformity of their vices to the public gaze.

Aubrey determined upon leaving one whose character had not yet shown a single bright point on which to rest the eye. He resolved to invent some plausible pretext for abandoning him altogether, purposing, in the mean while, to watch him more closely, and to let no slight circumstance pass by unnoticed. He entered into the same circle, and soon perceived, that his Lordship was

endeavouring to work upon the inexperience of the daughter of the lady at whose house he chiefly frequented. In Italy, it is seldom that an unmarried female is met with in society; he was therefore obliged to carry on his plans in secret; but Aubrey's eye followed him in all his windings, and soon discovered that an assignation had been appointed, which would most likely end in the ruin of an innocent, though thoughtless girl. Losing no time, he entered the apartment of Lord Ruthven, and abruptly asked him his intentions with respect to the lady, informing him at the same time that he was aware of his being about to meet her that very night. Lord Ruthven answered, that his intentions were such as he supposed all would have upon such an occasion; and upon being pressed whether he intended to marry her, merely laughed. Aubrey retired; and, immediately writing a note, to say, that from that moment he must decline accompanying his lordship in the remainder of their proposed tour, he ordered his servant to seek other apartments, and calling upon the mother of the lady, informed her of all he knew, not only with regard to her daughter, but also concerning the character of his Lordship. The assignation was prevented. Lord Ruthven next day merely sent his servant to notify his complete assent to a separation; but did not hint any suspicion of his plans having been foiled by Aubrey's interposition.

Having left Rome, Aubrey directed his steps towards Greece, and, crossing the Peninsula, soon found himself at Athens. He then fixed his residence in the house of a Greek; and soon occupied himself in tracing the faded records of ancient glory up-

on monuments that apparently, ashamed of chronicling the deeds of freemen only before slaves, had hidden themselves beneath the sheltering soil or many-coloured lichen. Under the same roof as himself, existed a being, so beautiful and delicate, that she might have formed the model for a painter wishing to pourtray on canvass the promised hope of the faithful in Mahomet's paradise, save that her eyes spoke too much mind for any one to think she could belong to those who had no souls. As she danced upon the plain, or tripped along the mountain's side, one would have thought the gazelle a poor type of her beauties, for who would have exchanged her eye, apparently the eye of animated nature, for that sleepy luxurious look of the animal suited but to the taste of an epicure. The light step of Ianthe often accompanied Aubrey in his search after antiquities, and often would the unconscious girl, engaged in the pursuit of a Kashmere butterfly, show the whole beauty of her form, floating as it were upon the wind, to the eager gaze of him, who forgot the letters he had just decyphered upon an almost effaced tablet, in the contemplation of her sylph-like figure. Often would her tresses falling, as she flitted around, show in the sun's ray such delicately brilliant and swiftly fading hues, as might well excuse the forgetfulness of the antiquary, who let escape from his mind the very object he had before thought of vital importance to the proper interpretation of a passage in Pausanias. But why attempt to describe charms which all feel, but none can appreciate?—It was innocence, youth, and beauty, unaffected by crowded drawing rooms, and stifling balls. Whilst

he drew those remains of which he wished to preserve a memorial for his future hours, she would stand by, and watch the magic effects of his pencil, in tracing the scenes of her native place; she would then describe to him the circling dance upon the open plain, would paint to him in all the glowing colours of youthful memory, the marriage pomp she remembered viewing in her infancy; and then, turning to subjects that had evidently made a greater impression upon her mind, would tell him all the supernatural tales of her nurse. Her earnestness and apparent belief of what she narrated, excited the interest even of Aubrey; and often, as she told him the tale of the living vampyre, who had passed years amidst his friends, and dearest ties, forced every year, by feeding upon the life of a lovely female to prolong his existence for the ensuing months, his blood would run cold, whilst he attempted to laugh her out of such idle and horrible fantasies; but Ianthe cited to him the names of old men, who had at last detected one living among themselves, after several of their near relatives and children had been found marked with the stamp of the fiend's appetite; and when she found him so incredulous, she begged of him to believe her, for it had been remarked, that those who had dared to question their existence, always had some proof given, which obliged them, with grief and heartbreaking, to confess it was true. She detailed to him the traditional appearance of these monsters, and his horror was increased, by hearing a pretty accurate description of Lord Ruthven; he, however, still persisted in persuading her, that there could be no truth in her fears, though at the same time he

wondered at the many coincidences which had all tended to excite a belief in the supernatural power of Lord Ruthven.

Aubrey began to attach himself more and more to Ianthe, her innocence, so contrasted with all the affected virtues of the women among whom he had sought for his vision of romance, won his heart ; and while he ridiculed the idea of a young man of English habits, marrying an uneducated Greek girl, still he found himself more and more attached to the almost fairy form before him. He would tear himself at times from her, and, forming a plan for some antiquarian research, he would depart, determined not to return until his object was attained ; but he always found it impossible to fix his attention upon the ruins around him, whilst in his mind he retained an image that seemed alone the rightful possessor of his thoughts. Ianthe was unconscious of his love, and was ever the same frank infantile being he had first known. She always seemed to part from him with reluctance ; but it was because she had no longer any one with whom she could visit her favourite haunts, whilst her guardian was occupied in sketching or uncovering some fragment which had yet escaped the destructive hand of time. She had appealed to her parents on the subject of Vampyres, and they both, with several present, affirmed their existence, pale with horror at the very name. Soon after, Aubrey determined to proceed upon one of his excursions, which was to detain him for a few hours ; when they heard the name of the place, they all at once begged of him not to return at night, as he must necessarily pass through a wood, where no Greek would ever remain after

the day had closed, upon any consideration. They described it as the resort of the vampyres in their nocturnal orgies, and denounced the most heavy evils as impending upon him who dared to cross their path. Aubrey made light of their representations, and tried to laugh them out of the idea ; but when he saw them shudder at his daring thus to mock a superior, infernal power, the very name of which apparently made their blood freeze, he was silent.

Next morning Aubrey set off upon his excursion unattended ; he was surprised to observe the melancholy face of his host, and was concerned to find that his words, mocking the belief of those horrible fiends, had inspired them with such terror.—When he was about to depart, Ianthe came to the side of his horse and earnestly begged of him to return, ere night allowed the power of these beings to be put in action—he promised. He was, however, so occupied in his research that he did not perceive that daylight would soon end, and that in the horizon there was one of those specks which in the warmer climates so rapidly gather into a tremendous mass and pour all their rage upon the devoted country.—He at last, however, mounted his horse, determined to make up by speed for his delay : but it was too late. Twilight in these southern climates is almost unknown ; immediately the sun sets, night begins ; and ere he had advanced far, the power of the storm was above—its echoing thunders had scarcely an interval of rest—its thick heavy rain forced its way through the canopying foliage, whilst the blue forked lightning seemed to fall and radiate at his very feet. Suddenly his horse

took fright, and he was carried with dreadful rapidity through the entangled forest. The animal at last, through fatigue, stopped, and he found, by the glare of lightning, that he was in the neighbourhood of a hovel that hardly lifted itself up from the masses of dead leaves and brushwood which surrounded it. Dismounting, he approached, hoping to find some one to guide him to the town, or at least trusting to obtain shelter from the pelting of the storm. As he approached, the thunders, for a moment silent, allowed him to hear the dreadful shrieks of a woman mingling with the stifled exultant mockery of a laugh, continued in one almost unbroken sound; he was startled: but, roused by the thunder which again rolled over his head, he with a sudden effort forced open the door of the hut. He found himself in utter darkness; the sound, however, guided him. He was apparently unperceived; for though he called, still the sounds continued, and no notice was taken of him. He found himself in contact with some one, whom he immediately seized, when a voice cried "again baffled," to which a loud laugh succeeded, and he felt himself grappled by one whose strength seemed superhuman: determined to sell his life as dearly as he could, he struggled; but it was in vain: he was lifted from his feet and hurled with enormous force against the ground:—his enemy threw himself upon him, and kneeling upon his breast, had placed his hands upon his throat, when the glare of many torches penetrating through the hole that gave light in the day, disturbed him—he instantly rose and, leaving his prey, rushed through the door, and in a moment the crash-

ing of the branches, as he broke through the wood, was no longer heard.

The storm was now still; and Aubrey, incapable of moving, was soon heard by those without.—They entered; the light of their torches fell upon the mud walls, and the thatch loaded on every individual straw with heavy flakes of soot. At the desire of Aubrey they searched for her who had attracted him by her cries; he was again left in darkness; but what was his horror, when the light of the torches once more burst upon him, to perceive the airy form of his fair conductress brought in a lifeless corse. He shut his eyes, hoping that it was but a vision arising from his disturbed imagination; but he again saw the same form, when he unclosed them, stretched by his side. There was no colour upon her cheek, not even upon her lip; yet there was a stillness about her face that seemed almost as attaching as the life that once dwelt there:—upon her neck and breast was blood, and upon her throat were the marks of teeth having opened the vein:—to this the men pointed, crying, simultaneously struck with horror, "a Vampyre, a Vampyre!" A litter was quickly formed, and Aubrey was laid by the side of her who had lately been to him the object of so many bright and fairy visions, now fallen with the flower of life that had died within her. He knew not what his thoughts were...his mind was benumbed and seemed to shun reflection and take refuge in vacancy...he held almost unconsciously in his hand a naked dagger of a particular construction, which had been found in the hut....They were soon met by different parties who had been engaged in the

search of her whom a mother had soon missed....Their lamentable cries, as they approached the city, forewarned the parents of some dreadful catastrophe....To describe their grief would be impossible ; but when they ascertained the cause of their child's death they looked at Aubrey and pointed to the corpse....They were inconsolable ; both died broken-hearted.

Aubrey being put to bed was seized with a most violent fever, and was often delirious ; in these intervals he would call upon Lord Ruthven and upon Ianthe...by some unaccountable combination he seemed to beg of his former companion to spare the being he lovedAt other times he would imprecate maledictions upon his head, and curse him as her destroyer. Lord Ruthven chanced at this time to arrive at Athens, and, from whatever motive, upon hearing of the state of Aubrey, immediately placed himself in the same house and became his constant attendant. When the latter recovered from his delirium he was horrified and startled at the sight of him whose image he had now combined with that of a Vampyre ; but Lord Ruthven by his kind words, implying almost repentance for the fault that had caused their separation, and still more by the attention, anxiety, and care which he showed, soon reconciled him to his presence. His Lordship seemed quite changed ; he no longer seemed that apathetic being who had so astonished Aubrey : but as soon as his convalescence began to be rapid, he again gradually retired into the same state of mind, and Aubrey perceived no difference from the former man, except, that at times he was surprised to meet his gaze fixed intently upon him with a

smile of malicious exultation playing upon his lips ; he knew not why, but this smile haunted him. During the last stage of the invalid's recovery, Lord Ruthven was apparently engaged in watching the tideless waves raised by the cooling breeze, or in marking the progress of those orbs, circling, like our world the moveless sun ;indeed he appeared to wish to avoid the eyes of all.

Aubrey's mind, by this shock, was much weakened, and that elasticity of spirit which had once so distinguished him now seemed to have fled for ever....He was now as much a lover of solitude and silence as Lord Ruthven ; but much as he wished for solitude, his mind could not find it in the neighbourhood of Athens ; if he sought it amidst the ruins he had formerly frequented, Ianthe's form stood by his side....if he sought it in the woods, her light step would appear wandering amidst the underwood, in quest of the modest violet ; then suddenly turning round would show, to his wild imagination, her pale face and wounded throat with a meek smile upon her lips. He determined to fly scenes, every feature of which created such bitter associations in his mind. He proposed to Lord Ruthven, to whom he held himself bound by the tender care he had taken of him during his illness, that they should visit those parts of Greece neither had yet seen. They travelled in every direction, and sought every spot to which a recollection could be attached ; but though they thus hastened from place to place yet they seemed not to heed what they gazed upon....They heard much of robbers, but they gradually began to slight these reports, which they imagined were only the invention of individuals,

whose interest it was to excite the generosity of those whom they defended from pretended dangers. In consequence of thus neglecting the advice of the inhabitants, on one occasion they travelled with only a few guards, more to serve as guides than as a defence.... Upon entering, however, a narrow defile, at the bottom of which was the bed of a torrent, with large masses of rock brought down from the neighbouring precipices, they had reason to repent their negligence...for, scarcely were the whole of the party engaged in the narrow pass, when they were startled by the whistling of bullets close to their heads, and by the echoed report of several guns. In an instant their guards had left them, and placing themselves behind rocks had began to fire in the direction whence the report came. Lord Ruthven and Aubrey, imitating their example, retired for a moment behind a sheltering turn of the defile ; but ashamed of being thus detained by a foe, who with insulting shouts bade them advance, and being exposed to unresisting slaughter, if any of the robbers should climb above and take them in the rear, they determined at once to rush forward in search of the enemy. Hardly had they lost the shelter of the rock, when Lord Ruthven received a shot in the shoulder that brought him to the ground. Aubrey hastened to his assistance, and no longer heeding the contest or his own peril, was soon surprised by seeing the robbers' faces around him ; his guards having, upon Lord Ruthven's being wounded, immediately thrown up their arms and surrendered.

By promises of great reward, Aubrey soon induced them to convey his wounded friend to a neighbouring cabin, and having agreed upon a ransom he was no

more disturbed by their presence, they being content to merely guard the entrance till their comrade should return with the promised sum for which he had an order....Lord Ruthven's strength rapidly decreased, in two days mortification ensued, and death seemed advancing with hasty steps. His conduct and appearance had not changed ; he seemed as unconscious of pain as he had been of the objects about him ; but towards the close of the last evening his mind became apparently uneasy, and his eye often fixed upon Aubrey, who was induced to offer his assistance with more than usual earnestness....

"Assist me ! you may save me... you may do more than that...I mean not my life, I heed the death of my existence as little as that of the passing day ; but you may save my honour, your friend's honour."—"How, tell me how ; I would do any thing," replied Aubrey. "I need but little...my life ebbs apace...I cannot explain the whole...but if you would conceal all you know of me, my honour were free from stain in the world's mouth...and if my death were unknown for some time in England...I...I...but life."—"It shall not be known."—"Swear !" cried the dying man, raising himself with exultant violence, "Swear by all your soul reveres, by all your nature fears, swear that for a year and a day you will not impart your knowledge of my crimes or death to any living being in any way, whatever may happen, or whatever you may see."—His eyes seemed bursting from their sockets : "I swear !" said Aubrey : he sunk laughing upon his pillow and breathed no more.

Aubrey retired to rest, but did not sleep, the many circumstances attending his acquaintance with this man rose upon his mind, and

he knew not why ; when he remembered his oath a cold shivering came over him, as if from the presentiment of something horrible awaiting him. Rising early in the morning, he was about to enter the hovel in which he had left the corpse, when a robber met him, and informed him that it was no longer there, having been conveyed by himself and comrades, upon his retiring, to the pinnacle of a neighbouring mount, according to a promise they had given his lordship, that it should be exposed to the first cold ray of the moon that rose after his death. Aubrey astonished, and taking several of the men, determined to go and bury it upon the spot where it lay. But, when he had mounted to the summit, he found no trace of either the corpse or the clothes, though the robbers swore they pointed out the identical rock on which they had laid the body. For a time his mind was bewildered in conjectures, but he at last returned convinced that they had buried the corpse for the sake of the clothes.

Weary of a country in which he had met with such terrible misfortunes, and in which all apparently conspired to heighten that superstitious melancholy that had seized upon his mind, he resolved to leave it, and soon arrived at Smyrna. While waiting for a vessel to convey him to Otranto or to Naples, he occupied himself in arranging those effects he had with him belonging to lord Ruthven. Amongst other things there was a case containing several weapons of offence, more or less adapted to ensure the death of the victim. There were several daggers & ataghans. Whilst turning them over and examining their curious forms, what was his surprise at finding a sheath

apparently ornamented in the same style as the dagger discovered in the fatal hut ; he shuddered ; hastening to gain further proof, he found the weapon, and his horror may be imagined when he discovered that it fitted, though peculiarly shaped, the sheath he held in his hand. His eyes seemed to need no further certainty—they seemed gazing to be bound to the dagger ; yet still he wished to disbelieve ; but the particular form, the same varying tints upon the haft and sheath were alike in splendour on both, and left no room for doubt ; there were also drops of blood on each.

He left Smyrna, and on his way home, at Rome, his first inquiries were concerning the lady he had attempted to snatch from Lord Ruthven's seductive arts. Her parents were in distress, their fortune ruined, and she had not been heard of since the departure of his lordship. Aubrey's mind became almost broken under so many repeated horrors ; he was afraid that this lady had fallen a victim to the destroyer of Ianthe. He became morose and silent, and his only occupation consisted in urging the speed of the postilions, as if he were going to save the life of some one he held dear. He arrived at Calais ; a breeze, which seemed obedient to his will, soon wafted him to the English shores ; and he hastened to the mansion of his fathers, and there, for a moment, appeared to lose, in the embraces and caresses of his sister, all memory of the past. If she before, by her infantine caresses, had gained his affection, now that the woman began to appear, she was still more attaching as a companion.

Miss Aubrey had not that winning grace which gains the gaze and applause of the drawing room

assemblies. There was none of that light brilliancy which only exists in the heated atmosphere of a crowded apartment. Her blue eye was never lit up by the levity of the mind beneath. There was a melancholy charm about it which did not seem to arise from misfortune, but from some feeling within, that appeared to indicate a soul conscious of a brighter realm. Her step was not that light footing, which strays wher-e'er a butterfly or a colour may attract---it was sedate and pensive. When alone, her face was never brightened by the smile of joy; but when her brother breathed to her his affection, and would in her presence forget those griefs she knew destroyed his rest, who would have exchanged her smile for that of the voluptuary? It seemed as if those eyes---that face were then playing in the light of their own native sphere. She was yet only eighteen, and had not been presented to the world; it having been thought by her guardians more fit that her presentation should be delayed until her brother's return from the continent, when he might be her protector. It was now therefore resolved that the next drawing room, which was fast approaching, should be the epoch of her entry into the "busy scene." Aubrey would rather have remained in the mansion of his fathers, and fed upon the melancholy which overpowered him. He could not feel interest about the frivolities of fashionable strangers, when his mind had been so torn by the events he had witnessed; but he determined to sacrifice his own comfort to the protection of his sister. They soon arrived in town, and prepared for the next day, which had been announced as a drawing-room.

The crowd was excessive---a drawing room had not been held for a long time, and all who were anxious to bask in the smile of royalty, hastened thither. Aubrey was there with his sister. While he was standing in a corner by himself, heedless of all around him, engaged in the remembrance that the first time he had seen Lord Ruthven was in that very place---he felt himself suddenly seized by the arm, and a voice he recognized too well, sounded in his ear---"Remember your oath." He had hardly courage to turn, fearful of seeing a spectre that would blast him, when he perceived at a little distance, the same figure which had attracted his notice on this spot upon his first entry into society. He gazed till his limbs almost refusing to bear their weight, he was obliged to take the arm of a friend, and forcing a passage through the crowd, he threw himself into his carriage, and was driven home. He paced the room with hurried steps, and fixed his hands upon his head, as if he were afraid his thoughts were bursting from his brain. Lord Ruthven again before him---circumstances started up in dreadful array---the dagger---his oath.---He roused himself, he could not believe it possible---the dead rise again!--He thought his imagination had conjured up the image his mind was resting upon. It was impossible that it could be real---he determined, therefore, to go again into society; for though he attempted to ask concerning Lord Ruthven, the name hung upon his lips, and he could not succeed in gaining information. He went a few nights after with his sister to the assembly of a near relation. Leaving her under the protection of a matron, he retired into a recess, and

there gave himself up to his own devouring thoughts. Perceiving, at last, that many were leaving, he roused himself, and entering another room, found his sister surrounded by several, apparently in earnest conversation; he attempted to pass and get near her, when one, whom he requested to move, turned round, and revealed to him those features he most abhorred. He sprung forward, seized his sister's arm, and, with hurried step, forced her towards the street: at the door he found himself impeded by the crowds of servants who were waiting for their lords; and while he was engaged in passing them, he again heard that voice whisper close to him—"Remember your oath!"—He did not dare to turn, but, hurrying his sister, soon reached home.

Aubrey became almost distracted. If before his mind had been absorbed by one subject, how much more completely was it engrossed, now that the certainty of the monster's living again pressed upon his thoughts. His sister's attentions were now unheeded, and it was in vain that she intreated him to explain to her what had caused his abrupt conduct. He only uttered a few words, and those terrified her. The more he thought, the more he was bewildered. His oath startled him;—was he then to allow this monster to roam, bearing ruin upon his breath, amidst all he held dear, and not avert its progress? His very sister might have been touched by him. But even if he were to break his oath, and disclose his suspicions, who would believe him? He thought of employing his own hand to free the world from such a wretch; but death, he remembered, had been already mocked. For days

he remained in this state, shut up in his room, he saw no one, and eat only when his sister came, who, with eyes streaming with tears, besought him, for her sake, to support nature. At last, no longer capable of bearing stillness and solitude, he left his house, roamed from street to street, anxious to fly that image which haunted him. His dress became neglected, and he wandered, as often exposed to the noon-day sun as to the midnight damps. He was no longer to be recognized; at first he returned with the evening to the house; but at last he laid him down to rest wherever fatigue overtook him. His sister, anxious for his safety, employed people to follow him; but they were soon distanced by him who fled from a pursuer swifter than any...from thought. His conduct, however, suddenly changed. Struck with the idea that he left by his absence the whole of his friends, with a fiend amongst them, of whose presence they were unconscious, he determined to enter again into society, and watch him closely, anxious to forewarn, in spite of his oath, all whom Lord Ruthven approached with intimacy. But when he entered into a room, his haggard and suspicious looks were so striking, his inward shudderings so visible, that his sister was at last obliged to beg of him to abstain from seeking, for her sake, a society which affected him so strongly. When, however, remonstrance proved unavailing, the guardians thought proper to interpose, and, fearing that his mind was becoming alienated, they thought it high time to resume again that trust which had been before imposed upon them by Aubrey's parents.

Desirous of saving him from

the injuries and sufferings he had daily encountered in his wanderings, and of preventing him from exposing to the general eye those marks of what they considered folly, they engaged a physician to reside in the house, and take constant care of him. He hardly appeared to notice it, so completely was his mind absorbed by one terrible subject. His incoherence became at last so great, that he was confined to his chamber. There he would often lie for days, incapable of being roused. He had become emaciated, his eyes had attained a glassy lustre;—the only sign of affection and recollection remaining displayed itself upon the entry of his sister: then he would sometimes start, and, seizing her hands, with looks that severely afflicted her, he would desire her not to touch him. “Oh, do not touch him—if your love for me is aught, do not go near him!” When, however, she inquired to whom he referred, his only answer was—“True! true!” and again he sank into a state, whence not even she could rouse him. This lasted many months: gradually, however, as the year was passing, his incoherences became less frequent, and his mind threw off a portion of its gloom, whilst his guardians observed, that several times in the day he would count upon his fingers a definite number, and then smile.

The time had nearly elapsed, when, upon the last day of the year, one of his guardians entering his room, began to converse with his physician upon the melancholy circumstance of Aubrey’s being in so awful a situation when his sister was going next day to be married. Instantly Aubrey’s attention was attracted; he asked anxiously to whom. Glad of this

mark of returning intellect, of which they feared he had been deprived, they mentioned the name of the Earl of Marsden. Thinking this was a young earl whom he had met with in society, Aubrey seemed pleased, and astonished them still more by his expressing his intention to be present at the nuptials, and desiring to see his sister. They answered not, but in a few minutes his sister was with him. He was apparently again capable of being affected by the influence of her lovely smile; for he pressed her to his breast, and kissed her cheek, wet with tears, flowing at the thought of her brother’s being once more alive to the feelings of affection. He began to speak with all his wonted warmth, and to congratulate her upon her marriage with a person so distinguished for rank and every accomplishment; when he suddenly perceived a locket upon her breast; opening it, what was his surprise at beholding the features of the monster who had so long influenced his life. He seized the portrait in a paroxysm of rage, and trampled it under foot. Upon her asking him why he thus destroyed the resemblance of her future husband, he looked as if he did not understand her—then seizing her hands, and gazing on her with a frantic expression of countenance, he bade her swear that she would never wed this monster, for he —But he could not advance—it seemed as if that voice again bade him remember his oath—he turned suddenly round, thinking Lord Ruthven was near him, but saw no one. In the meantime the guardians and physician, who had heard the whole, and thought this was but a return of his disorder, entered, and forcing him from Miss Aubrey, desired

her to leave him. He fell upon his knees to them, he implored, he begged of them to delay but for one day. They, attributing this to the insanity they imagined had taken possession of his mind, endeavoured to pacify him, and retired.

Lord Ruthven had called the morning after the drawing room, and had been refused with every one else. When he heard of Aubrey's ill health, he readily understood himself to be the cause of it: but when he learned that he was deemed insane, his exultation and pleasure could hardly be concealed from those among whom he had gained this information. He hastened to the house of his former companion, and, by constant attendance, and the pretence of great affection for the brother and interest in his fate, he gradually won the ear of Miss Aubrey. Who could resist his power? His tongue had dangers and toils to recount—could speak of himself as of an individual having no sympathy with any being on the crowded earth, save with her to whom he addressed himself;—could tell how, since he knew her, his existence had begun to seem worthy of preservation, if it were merely that he might listen to her soothing accents;—in fine, he knew so well how to use the serpent's art, or such was the will of fate, that he gained her affections. The title of the elder branch falling at length to him, he obtained an important embassy, which served as an excuse for hastening the marriage, (in spite of her brother's deranged state,) which was to take place the very day before his departure for the continent.

Aubrey, when he was left by the physician and his guardian, attempted to bribe the servants,

but in vain. He asked for pen and paper; it was given him; he wrote a letter to his sister, conjuring her, as she valued her own happiness, her own honour, and the honour of those now in the grave, who once held her in their arms as their hope and the hope of their house, to delay but for a few hours, that marriage, on which he denounced the most heavy curses. The servants promised they would deliver it; but giving it to the physician, he thought it better not to harass any more the mind of Miss Aubrey by, what he considered the ravings of a maniac. Night passed on without rest to the busy inmates of the house; and Aubrey heard, with a horror that may more easily be conceived than described, the notes of busy preparation. Morning came, and the sound of carriages broke upon his ear. Aubrey grew almost frantic. The curiosity of the servants at last overcame their vigilance, they gradually stole away, leaving him in the custody of an helpless old woman. He seized the opportunity, with one bound was out of the room, and in a moment found himself in the apartment where all were nearly assembled. Lord Ruthven was the first to perceive him: he immediately approached, and, taking his arm by force, hurried him from the room, speechless with rage. When on the staircase, Lord Ruthven whispered in his ear....“Remember your oath, and know, if not my bride to day, your sister is dishonoured. Women are frail!” So saying, he pushed him towards his attendants, who, roused by the old woman, had come in search of him. Aubrey could no longer support himself; his rage, not finding vent, had broken a blood-

vessel, and he was conveyed to bed. This was not mentioned to his sister, who was not present when he entered, as the physician was afraid of agitating her. The marriage was solemnized, and the bride and bridegroom left London.

Aubrey's weakness increased ; the effusion of blood produced symptoms of the near approach of death. He desired his sister's

guardians might be called, and when the midnight hour had struck, he related composedly what the reader has perused....he died immediately after.

The guardians hastened to protect Miss Aubrey ; but when they arrived, it was too late. Lord Ruthven had disappeared, and Aubrey's sister had glutted the thirst of a VAMPIRE !

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ON THE STATE OF LEARNING IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

LEARNING, in its limited and appropriate sense, is not to be found in America ; the business of a scholar is not among the occupations of life ; every man of liberal education must have a profession, and, as there are no fellows or scholarships in the colleges, and no exemption from regular professional labours for any portion of the clergy, it is evident there can be no class in society, who have leisure for the cultivation of science and general literature. The professors in the universities form the only body of men of letters, and from them alone could learned works be reasonably expected. But their situation, it will be recollected, is not like that of professors in this country ; instead of half or more of the year in vacations, they have but a small portion of it ; their duties are more laborious, being divided among a much smaller number ; they have no good libraries to consult, and, above all, they are obliged to work through life, to repair the defects of early education. It may be added, in further explanation of the difference between the literary communities of America and of this country, that there, two other classes are nearly wanting, which here furnish no inconsiderable portion of the stock of literature, which are the army and navy. In consequence of thus confining the talents of the country to the circumscribed limits of professional duties, the absurd opinion has arisen of the inferiority of American intellect. It was a French philosopher who made

the discovery ; and it gratified him exceedingly, no doubt, to find that English blood could degenerate. This opinion will appear erroneous, by examining the grounds upon which it is formed. The display of talent always depends upon the situation of the country, in which it is called forth. One state of society demands practical cleverness and business men ; another closet speculations, scholars, poets, and artists. In respect to the first, the Americans are equal to any people whatever, ancient or modern, as is fully proved by their ingenuity in the mechanic arts, their commercial enterprise, their activity in the field, their acuteness at the bar, and their eloquence in the senate. For a certain time, this direction of their powers was not only justifiable, but necessary ; they could not cultivate flower gardens, before they had cut down the forests and planted corn fields ; nor erect temples to Apollo and the Muses, before they had built habitations for their own shelter. These reasons, however, no longer exist ; the country is rich and powerful, and secure both from savage and foreign foes, and necessity cannot now be offered in justification of their neglect of learning ; still its continuance may be explained, and the fewness of their contributions to science and literature accounted for, without supposing any deficiency of genius. It was a confession of Socrates, that the charm of knowledge consists in the fame it gives to its possessor ; and the

same confession would probably be made by every honest man, who has spent his life in the acquisition of it. Ambition accompanies active talent, as uniformly as heat does combustion, and directs its efforts to the attainment of the most desirable honour within its reach. In America, this honour is public office or professional distinction, and, therefore, all the talent of the country is drawn into the current, which sweeps in one of these directions. To establish the truth of the opinion we have advanced, and prove, that the low literary reputation of America, and the small show she makes in our libraries, are owing to bad education, want of learning, and the peculiar use to which talent is there applied, and not to any deficiency of it, we must trace its display in the course, which we say it takes.

The bar is the profession, which attracts the greatest number and the highest talents, and, notwithstanding the wretched state of preparation, in which most young men are when called to it, the country may well boast of the lawyers it has produced. In this profession, the deficiencies of education must be made up by after diligence; no man can attain to a high rank in it without legal learning; in spite of all the prejudices of the country, and the general disposition to reduce the system of jurisprudence to a few maxims of common sense, the common law of England remains, for the most part, the law of the land; and a knowledge of that, every one knows, cannot be acquired without laborious study, by the mere force of genius, however great. In all the states where this system still continues in force, we find a learned bar; and, although the lawyers entitled to this distinction are few, these few are eminently so; and, to prove it, we refer to the common law reports of the cases adjudged in the courts of final jurisdiction in Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia. In some of the states, the issue of a suit depends chiefly upon the jury, and then the pleas of the counsel are of course rather appeals to popular

feeling, than legal arguments; these are admirable schools, in which, to acquire a readiness of extemporaneous speaking, and great powers of that kind are often displayed in them; but as courts of justice, they deserve not to be named. The learning of the American bar has been displayed principally in their courts; and the only written evidence of it is contained in the reports. Blackstone's Commentaries, and many other of the English elementary treatises, have been reprinted in the country, with notes, pointing out the alterations or modifications of the English law by their statutes. The civil law is not used at all, and not studied but by a very small number of curious scholars; and, in general, the English books are the only authorities cited, except in the admiralty courts, where the early Italian, Spanish, French, and Dutch writers upon maritime law are often referred to. It is difficult to draw a just parallel between the American and English bars, for two reasons; *first*, because in the former, the various departments of legal business are united in the same individual; and, *secondly*, because their period of preparatory study is much shorter, and their means and system of education greatly inferior; if proper allowance be made for these disadvantages, the first class of lawyers in America may be considered equal to the same class in England, in point of legal learning, and superior in extemporaneous speaking. We need not repeat what we stated so explicitly in the first division of our subject, that the well educated lawyers form but a small part of the whole number; it is of this small part that we have been speaking, and upon them the whole character and credit of the bar must rest.

The intimate connexion, which exists in America between the bar and the senate, leads us, in the next place, to consider the character of the latter. No country ever had occasion for a greater proportion of statesmen, and in none was political education ever less attended to. Three thousand five hundred legislators are constantly required for the general and state governments;

and, in the whole country, there is not a course of lectures, either upon their own constitutions, the law of nations, political economy, statistics, or history, and very little public instruction of any kind in these important departments of science and learning. The bar is the school in which the greatest, and almost the only requisite for a statesman is acquired, fluency in speaking. Want of the necessary knowledge is not the greatest evil arising from the want of proper political education ; a far greater one is, that men who have been pursuing a profession for a long time, are very apt to have their minds somewhat narrowed by it, and are therefore not capable of taking such extensive views as politicians, as ought to be done by those, who are legislating for the whole community, and not for a particular class of it. Notwithstanding this defect, the Congress of the United States has generally been distinguished for the wisdom of its political measures, and always for a large proportion of powerful and eloquent speakers. It is not surprising that the latter characteristic should mark this body ; the Americans are eminently a speech-making people ; the practice begins in childhood ; their colleges are full of clubs for exercise in this art ; the frequent recurrence of elections, and of the *caucuses* which precede them, is continually nourishing this passion for haranguing ; and it is in this way that a young man of talent always brings himself into notice. Nearly every thing is done by direct appeal to the people ; a short speech has more effect than ever so many written volumes upon the same subject ; and, therefore, the talent is cultivated as the great engine of political power. Thus we see how general is the habit of public speaking, and we may infer from the use, which is made of it, what must be its character ; the genius it calls forth is as rich and luxuriant as the vegetation upon the great rivers of the west, and, at the same time, as wild and unpruned. The speeches of the members of Congress might be referred to, if they had ever been published collectively, as the best proof the country

has given of the talents, which it possesses. Journals of both houses are regularly printed, but they do not contain full reports of the debates. American eloquence has its own peculiar character ; it is not British eloquence ; it is neither so dignified, chaste, nor learned, but it is bolder and more rapid in its flights, and more impassioned in style and manner. It somewhat resembles the Irish, but it is far less laboured and artificial. The striking defect, both in the forensic and parliamentary eloquence, is bad taste, a defect which evidently arises from neglect of classic reading. We are told in the beautiful biographical sketch of Fisher Ames, one of the finest geniuses and most eloquent orators which the country has produced, that he read Virgil in the original, and Homer in Pope ; and even this is a degree of erudition far greater than is possessed by many of the best speakers in the land. The occasions, which have called forth the greatest exercise of talent, were the discussions in the state legislature of the proposed federal constitution ; the debates in congress upon the treaty made with this country by Mr. Jay, in 1794 ; and those upon the repeal of the judiciary bill, and the other changes made by the friends of Mr. Jefferson, when they first came into power, in 1801. Most of the speeches upon these great questions have been published, and should be read by any one, who wishes to form a just opinion of American eloquence. Those of Mr. Ames, upon the two former, are contained in his works, a book which makes every reader regret, that such superior talent and genius should have been wasted upon subjects of party politics, which, from their very nature, can be but of local and momentary interest. But with him there was only one object of ambition, and that was to serve his country ; to this he sacrificed the more extended fame, which he certainly must have gained, if he had written for the world. The same period presents us with another strong testimonial in favour of American intellect ; it produced the *Federalist*, a work, which saved the constitution from being stran-

gled in its infancy. These papers, written by Hamilton, Jay, and Madison, but mostly by the former, contain a remarkably clear and able defence of that constitution, and may be regarded as a perfect commentary upon its principles; could they but have conferred upon it the immortality they have procured for the country, we believe none of its friends would have cause to fear for its fate.

The observations we made upon Mr. Ames, might be extended to the country in general; the writing talent is all expended upon short desultory compositions; newspaper essays, and orations upon the anniversary of their national independence, make up the whole body of political literature. The love of this kind of political food commences in childhood, and grows with the growth; the extent of it may be inferred from the number of different newspapers published in the country, which at present exceeds five hundred.

The medical profession does not exhibit such a mass of talent as the bar; but, from the superior means of education provided for it, in point of learning, it is by far the first. We have before said, and we here repeat, that in regard to medical schools, America cannot justly be charged with neglect; the fault now consists in not preventing, by law, ignorant quacks from practising the art. The colleges of physicians assume the right to give licences, but their licence is a mere certificate of recommendation, and not a commission, without which a man cannot enter upon the practice; and, as ignorant people are always jealous of learning, in many parts of the country, charlatans are much more encouraged than those whose education entitles them to this certificate. But the regularly bred physicians do full justice to the advantages they enjoy; in no country is greater practical skill discovered among the faculty; and this, we think, is a strong proof of the truth of our opinion, that the bad system of early education in America is the cause of all their supposed intellectual inferiority. The loss is comparatively little felt in this profession, and, per-

haps, it may be even advantageous to neglect the cultivation of the mind, and the acquisition of a fine taste, when one is destined for a pursuit in life, in which these qualities are rarely called for; but, however this may be, classical learning is not an indispensable requisite for a good physician; for it is quite certain, that better are not to be found no where than in America; and as certain, that very few of them could read Hippocrates and Galen, or even Celsus, in the original. Still the medical faculty has done more for the literary and scientific character of the country, than all the others together. The college of physicians at Philadelphia, and the Massachusetts medical society at Boston, publish their transactions regularly; and very respectable medical journals are published in Boston and New York, under the direction of private individuals. Several works in high esteem, have appeared from the professors of the Philadelphia school, on anatomy, surgery, materia medica, and the diseases most frequent in the United States. In New York, the medical writings have been more in the nature of dissertations, and are to be found chiefly in the medical repository of Drs. Mitchell and Miller, and the medical register of Dr. Hosack. In Boston, a fund has been placed at the disposal of the medical society, out of which prizes are annually given for the best treatises on the subject proposed; this has had a very beneficial effect in directing the attention of students and young physicians to the most important inquiries, and has produced many valuable dissertations. On the whole then medical science may be considered in a very respectable state in America, and requiring only some extension of its present means, and a power of excluding ignorant pretenders from the profession to perfect its character.

Before we proceed to speak of the American clergy, we must make a few observations on the state of religion. There being no established church, and, in general, no obligation to provide religious instruction, a great part

of the country is either entirely destitute of it, or dependent upon itinerant preachers for all they receive. The whole number of religious teachers being five thousand, as shewn by the latest accounts, it appears that only about two thousand of them have received any kind of preparatory education, all the rest being fanatics and pretenders to immediate inspiration; and of this two thousand, one-half at least are in New England, and of the remaining thousand, but about two hundred in the great district of country south and west of the Chesapeake, containing a population of more than four million souls. Thus we see, that, in speaking of the clerical profession, we are obliged to leave out of consideration very nearly one-half of the country, and certainly that half, which is most distinguished for talent and genius. In fact the profession is never thought of by any of the native young men of the South, all the supplies it receives are from the North. It must not be inferred from this, that the sacred office is held in no respect; that is not the case, but it is a respect which ambitious men never covet. If we were to proceed in this inquiry, we should find, that the clerical profession must hold out the least inducement to men of talent, and that, more particularly, in those parts of the country of which the growth is the most rapid. It is the least lucrative, most laborious, and offers no honours in expectation. Its comparative decline has been very great for the last twenty years, and it must be still greater for the future, unless some change should be made to place it more upon an equality with law and medicine; and how this could be done, it would be difficult to say;—there are no orders of clergy, and hence there can be no hope of preferment to act upon the ambitious, and no promise of leisure to tempt the scholar. Itinerant preachers are continually gaining upon the educated clergy, even in New England, where the people are the soberest, and in the other states they have almost succeeded in extirpating them. If farther proof be necessary that the profes-

sion is losing its attractions for young men of talent, the fact, that the only parishes now sought for, or accepted by such, are those of the cities, affords a conclusive one; and a stronger even than this is shewn by the records of the annual academic degrees; Harvard College first conferred degrees in 1642; for the next succeeding eighty-eight years, one-half of the whole number educated there entered the church; but, during the last equal period of time, the proportion has been only one out of five. To confirm this fact, we refer to the catalogue of the graduates, in which the clergy are printed in Italics. This picture must be particularly pleasing to the admirers of the anti-church establishment system; and it was for their gratification that we sketched it. We now return to the subject, which more properly belongs to us here to consider, and proceed to give an account of the state of learning among the clergy. Critical learning was not introduced into the study of theology, until within a very few years. The old American divines, notwithstanding their superiority to the modern, as classical scholars, relied entirely upon the English version of the Scriptures, and English commentators. Of late the German system has prevailed, and the doctrine of inspiration being now renounced by many, the Bible is subjected to the common rules of criticism, and hence must be studied in the original languages. The character of the leading clergy is therefore essentially changed; theological controversy, which was heretofore purely metaphysical, is now reduced to mere Biblical criticism; their learning is more exclusively professional; and their sermons more in the style of exegetical lectures. This applies particularly to the Unitarians; the orthodox clergy are not so learned, but they retain more of the old stamp; their tendency, however is the same way, as all the new theological schools now adopt this system of critical enquiry. For a long time after the settlement of America, the clergy were the only men of letters in the country; education was as wholly in their hands as it now is in the hands of the ecclesiastics in Italy and

Spain ; literature and science also looked to them alone for support. That period produced a number of curious and important works, which are far less known in this country than they deserve. The most remarkable among them are, Cotton Mather's *History of New England*, and the writings of his father Increase Mather ; Ward's *Simple Cobbler of Agawam in America* ; Hubbard's *Indian Wars* ; Cotton and Norton's *Theological Works* ; and Elliot's *Indian Grammar* ; and his *Translation of the Bible into the language of the Massachusetts Indians*—a work which gained him the title of the Indian apostle. During the greater part of the last century, also, the clergy continued as before, almost the sole protectors of literature and science ; but the latter received more attention from the physicians after the establishment of the medical schools at Philadelphia and Cambridge in 1764 and in 1783. Their writings in this period were chiefly sermons and local history, and in neither of these departments of literature did any thing very remarkable appear ; but, in controversial divinity, a powerful Coryphæus stepped forth ; as a metaphysical theologian, Edwards has never been surpassed, if equalled ; it is scarcely in the power of the mind to reason with greater closeness and force, than he has done throughout his works. He is the very Euclid of divines ; and the Americans would do well, in claiming due honour for their geniuses, to put him at the head of the list ; for the country never produced a greater. If we were to bring the history down to the present day, we should find many names that deserve to be mentioned. Within the last twenty years America has produced full as great a number of good sermons, in proportion to her educated clergy, as Britain, but then the same body has not produced much other literature, as they are continually doing here ; the reasons for which have before been given. From the views we have now taken, it appears that the whole number of religious teachers in America is but about half what is requisite for the population—that of these, three-fifths are ignorant deluded fanat-

ics, who possess almost exclusively one great portion of the country—that the proportion of regular clergy is diminishing and the profession daily becoming less respectable—and that the spirit of controversy and sectarianism extends to all classes, who interest themselves at all in religion. Massachusetts and Connecticut generally, and several of the cities in the other states, are still favoured with a respectable, and, for the most part, well-instructed clergy, but the residue of the land is a prey to delusion.

Having shewn that there is no class of society in America devoted exclusively to letters, and that the professions afford little or no leisure for other studies, it cannot be expected that literature and science should be successfully cultivated there. Certain it is, they have hitherto done very little for either. Franklin is their only philosopher whose discoveries have been of much importance to mankind ; and if the whole stock of their literature were set on fire to-morrow, no scholar would feel the loss. We do not mean to say, that they have produced nothing worthy of being preserved ; we have already mentioned several professional works of high value, and we might add others to the list ; but they are not the master productions of the mind, in whose preservation all the world is interested. Mr. Irving has shewn much talent and great humour in his *Salmagundi* and *Knickerbocker*, and they are exceedingly pleasant books, especially to one who understands the local allusions. Belknap, Minot, Ramsay, and Jefferson, have written valuable histories of different portions of the country ; and Marshall of the Revolutionary War, and of the hero who commanded in it. Freeman, Buckminster and Channing's Sermons are specimens of great elegance and fine taste in writing ; in essays and the lighter kind of composition, Franklin, Dennie, and Wirt, were uncommonly successful ; in the literary journals, a great deal of talent has often been displayed, and the little patronage they have received is a strong proof of the want of literary taste in the public. The *Portfolio*, formerly conducted by Dennie, was one of the most

amusing and best edited journals of the kind ever published in any country; Walsh's *American Review* displayed talent enough to entitle it to the highest patronage; and the *Cambridge Repository* was a work of learning that would have done credit to any body of critics; but none of these received the support they deserved. At present this complaint could not be made with equal justice; the *North American Review*, printed at Boston; the *Analectic Magazine*, at New York; and the *American Register* at Philadelphia all receive a good share of public patronage; from these journals the best knowledge of the progress of literature in the country is now to be gained. In works of imagination and taste, very little has been produced. Mr. Warden, in his *Chapter upon the Literature of the Country*, mentions a long list of original dramatic productions; but he is careful to express no opinion of their merits, and we are quite sure he would have omitted them altogether, if he had taken the pains to read them. In romance and novel writing their success has been about the same; Brown's *Wieland* and Arthur Mervyn are the only ones whose fame is likely to survive the life of their authors. The poetic muse has been more fruitful; but her offspring do not indicate a great degree of vigour in the parents. Barlow's *Columbiad* is a long heroic, and Trumbull's *MacFingal*, or, as it was once cited in the *Quarterly Review*, "a Poem by a Mr. Fingal," is a Hudibrastic quite as respectable for the number as for the excellence of its lines. There was also an Epic called the *Conquest of Canaan*, by Dr. Dwight; and as he is the only American, whom Campbell has admitted into the company of English bards, he seems entitled from that honour alone to a more particular notice than the rest; especially as the editor complains that he was unable to learn one word of his history. This gentleman, who had the misfortune to be called by "the baptismal name of Timothy," and in consequence thereof to have become an object of derision to the *Edinburgh Reviewers*, was at one time a distinguished

clergyman at Greenfield in Connecticut, and afterwards president of Yale College; as a pulpit orator, and a writer of sermons, he had a high reputation in his own country. For a long while he was at the head of the Calvinistic clergy of New England; and from the infallibility claimed for him by his disciples, he received the name of Pope Dwight from his opposers. His two poems, the *Conquest of Canaan* and *Greenfield Hill*, were the productions of his early life, and were surely not the most favourable proofs he gave of talent. He died two years since, at the age of sixty or thereabouts. A better taste and a more genuine spirit of poetry has been discovered in some of the smaller and later productions. Alston's *Sylphs of the Seasons*, Pierpont's *Airs of Palestine*, and the *Bridal of Vaumond*, are decidedly the finest transatlantic poetic compositions we have seen. It will no doubt be thought more difficult to account for American barrenness in creative literature, than in works of learned industry, allowing them to possess a common share of genius; but even here we do not look upon the attempt as desperate. Admitting that genius is too subtle to be confined by any covering in which ignorance may wrap it—that it comes into life at its own call from the brain in which it exists—it does not follow that it may not afterward suffer some deforming compression, like the flattening of the heads of the Indian children. Indeed precisely this effect is produced upon it in America; the instant it appears, it is forced into some professional refrigeratory, where it undergoes the process of condensation, and is then turned out for ordinary use, as a common preparation of the shops. There is nothing to awaken fancy in that land of dull realities; it contains no objects that carry back the mind to the contemplation of early antiquity; no mouldering ruins to excite curiosity in the history of past ages; no memorials, commemorative of glorious deeds, to call forth patriotic enthusiasm and reverence: it has no traditions and legends and fables to afford materials for romance and poetry;

no peasantry of original and various costume and character for the sketches of the pencil and the subjects of song ; it has gone thro' no period of infancy ; no pastoral state in which poetry grows out of the simplicity of language, and beautiful and picturesque descriptions of nature are produced by the constant contemplation of her. The whole course of life is a round of practical duties ; for every day there is a task for every person ; all are pressing forward in the hurry of business ; no man stops to admire the heavens over his head, or the charms of creation around him ; no time is allowed for the study of nature, and no taste for her beauties is ever acquired. It is astonishing how little there is of the ideal and poetic in life there—what neglect of every thing intellectual—what indifference to all that belongs to imagination—and what perfect concentration of the whole faculties in the pursuit of wealth, and the prosecution of the calling or profession, be it what it may. If this affords no solution of the difficulty, we know of nothing that will ; the fact is undeniable, that hitherto they have given no proof whatever of genius in works of invention and fancy, and unless we allow that the failure is owing to the want of proper subjects to awaken it, and proper materials to nourish it, in the manner above shewn ; or that it is displayed in a different sphere, we must agree with Buffon and Raynal, that the human mind has suffered a deterioration by being transported across the Atlantic. As Englishmen, we should not feel much pride in this belief of the degradation of American intellect ; we would rather hope that they will one day reflect lustre upon their ancestors, and add to the glories of the common language.

To complete our view of this subject, we have now to add a few remarks on the state of science and the arts. We have a right to expect that America will do a great deal for science ; for it is comparatively little affected by the obstacles which retard her literary advancement, and, in many of its departments, it directly assists in perfect-

ing that practical talent for which she is so eminently distinguished. They have not yet furnished many names to be entered upon this catalogue of fame. Franklin's is the only one whose right is undisputed ; Rittenhouse can hardly be considered more than an ingenious mechanic ; and Rumford's claim rests rather upon his successful application of science to practical uses, than upon his own original discoveries in it. One more might be added, whose right must be allowed whenever it is sufficiently known ; we allude to Dr. Bowditch, the astronomer, to whose merits the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh have lately borne testimony by receiving him as a member. For the proofs which this gentleman has given of his profound science, we refer to the *Transactions of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences*, published at Boston, particularly to the fourth volume, which contains several articles by him. Natural history appears to be the subject, which now receives the most attention, and that is cultivated with great zeal. In this branch of science they have produced several valuable works, within a few years : Wilson's *Ornithology* is a splendid book, and we can conceive no reason but its high price (30 guineas) which has prevented it from finding its way into more of our libraries ; Cleaveland's *Mineralogy* is generally known, and as generally esteemed ; Maclure's little work on the *Geology of the United States* is a very interesting view of the great outlines of the formation of the country ; Bigelow's *Medical Botany*, and Elliott's *Carolina Flora*, both now publishing in numbers, are executed with great abilities and correctness, and promise to be important additions to the science ; and Nuttall's *Genera of the North American plants* is a useful catalogue, particularly as a supplement to the larger *Flora of Pursh*. Other works of the same kind are now preparing for publication : Professor Cleaveland's *Geology of Maine*, Bigelow's and Boot's *New England Flora*, Hosack's *Flora of North America*, and Muhlenberg *Flora Lancastriensis*, edited by Collins, may

shortly be expected. The scientific expedition up the Missouri, and its tributary streams, cannot fail to add a vast deal to our knowledge of the kingdoms of nature ; and the very undertaking of it is a proof of a good spirit in the cause. Another indication of the increasing attention to science is seen in the improved character of the learned societies ; the papers now published in their transactions are far more respectable than formerly. The fourth volume of the *Memoirs of the American Academy* at Boston, recently received here, would better stand the ordeal of the reviewers than a volume of the *Transactions of the Philosophical Society* at Philadelphia did about sixteen years since. The last-named society seems hardly so active as some others in the country, which, probably, is owing to the establishment of a new society in the same city, the *Academy of Natural Sciences*, which has already published several very interesting papers on zoology, botany, and geology. It must be highly pleasing to all the friends of natural history, to hear of this attention to it in a country, which lays open such a field for research. We hope that reparation for past unpardonable neglect may be made by future activity and zeal. Philadelphia, New-York, Boston and Charleston, Carolina, are all making spirited exertions, through the instrumentality of societies for its promotion. In this last city, by the influence of a single individual, a taste for botany has been created, and liberal patronage extended to the sciences ; —a garden has been established, which should, and we hope will, be made a depository for all the plants of the tropics, for which it is so admirably fitted by the mildness of the climate. We know of no other scientific associations, which have not been mentioned, except the *Literary and Philosophical Society* of New-York. There are several for the promotion of agriculture and the useful arts, and two for aiding inquiries into their own history. The oldest of these two was established at Boston about thirty years since, and has published sixteen volumes of historical pa-

pers, which are for the most part important materials for history. It is called the *Massachusetts Historical Society*. The other, at New-York, was formed in 1809, and has published two volumes of the same kind as that at Boston. Both of these societies have considerable libraries of books connected with the objects they are designed to promote.

As to the fine arts, America is just about where she was when first discovered by Columbus. She is evidently in no danger, from what De Pradt considers as a mark of decaying liberties, a taste for these luxuries. She might have painters if she would, for she has given birth to several of the most distinguished of the age. West, Copely, Trumbull, Vanderlyn, Alston, and Leslie, are all her sons, and would probably now be her honours, if she had given proper encouragement to their talents. Sculpture is not likely to make much progress in a land where there are no models, and in which the ideal has no existence ; nor architecture, where utility is always preferred to beauty ; nor music, where the common labours of life would hardly be stopt to listen even to the lyre of Orpheus. In these respects, however, they cannot be charged with having degenerated ; they possess quite as much taste in either of them, as they inherited from their ancestors.

From the imperfect account, which we have now given of the state of intellectual cultivation in America, we may draw the following general conclusions : First, that classical learning is there generally undervalued, and of course neglected ; secondly, that knowledge of any kind is regarded only as a requisite preparation for the intended vocation in life, and not cultivated as a source of enjoyment, or a means of refining the character ; and thirdly, that the demand for active talent is so great, and the reward it receives so sure and so tempting, as invariably to draw it away from retired study, and the cultivation of letters. It is not, therefore, to be expected, that she will very soon produce any critical classical scholars, or great poets, or su-

perior dramatic writers, or fine works of fiction ; in a word, any extraordinary productions of learning or taste. But mind is not inactive there ; it is continually wrought upon by the most powerful excitements, and it must display itself in a manner worthy of its field of action. In enterprise, personal intrepidity, force of individual character, adroitness in the management of business, quickness in execution, ingenuity of mechanical invention, and all the qualities which constitute physical talent, if the expression may be used, England never had a rival but America. These are the faculties first called forth,

because first needed. If in these she has proved herself worthy of the stock from which she sprung, may it not be expected that she will exhibit a like equality in powers of a higher order, when a more improved and refined state of society shall bring them into action? We do not believe that America is *the most enlightened nation on earth*, although it has been so enacted by the authority of her legislative assembly ; but we do believe, that she will disprove the charge of intellectual inferiority, whenever proper cultivation of the mind shall cause it fully to develop its faculties.

CLARKE'S TRAVELS IN SWEDEN.

Extracted from the Literary Panorama, April 1819.

TRAVELS IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES OF EUROPE, ASIA, AND AFRICA. BY EDWARD DANIEL CLARKE, LL. D. PART III. SCANDINAVIA. SECTION I. LONDON 1819.

AFTER a long silence, this learned and enterprising traveller, with whose previous volumes our readers are well acquainted, once more appears before the public with a further portion of his researches. The same acute spirit of inquiry, which characterizes his former volumes, will be found in almost every page of the present.

Dr. C. gives the following* particulars relative to the assassination of Gustavus III. by Count Ankarstrom, which cannot fail to interest our readers.

"To extenuate the enormity of this deed, and to keep as much as possible from view the real authors of the conspiracy, of which, the actual assassin, *Ankarstrom*, was but a mere instrument, the character of their victim has been blackened, and is still laden with all sorts of obloquy. Yet impartial men in Sweden, who, belonging to no party, may be considered as lookers on, will not fail to discern in the "signs of the times" the developement of a drama which commenced only with the death of *Gustavus*."

"It is said in Sweden, that the King well knew to whom he was indebted

for the blow inflicted by the hand of *Ankarstrom*. And if the opinion which the *Swedes*, notwithstanding their natural reserve, maintain before foreigners upon this subject be founded in fact, some future *Shakspeare* may find, in the mysterious circumstances connected with the death of *Gustavus*, a plot not unlike that of the Tragedy of *Hamlet* ; for which we have been already indebted to the annals and characteristic manners of Northern nations. Yet to such a pitch have party feelings attained, with regard to this transaction, that the "memory of *Ankarstrom*" is sometimes given as a toast, even in *Stockholm*, and hailed with enthusiasm.* In the character of *Ankarstrom*, and in his conduct after condemnation, we may discern something of the hero : but how remote from every thing heroic was the act and the manner of the assassination of *Gustavus*, in whose death patriotism had not the smallest share. Private pique, party interest,

* After we left the *Arsenal*, viewing a collection of pictures containing portraits of all the great men of Sweden, one of us said jocularly to a Swede who happened to be present,—"They are all here, as large as life ! but where is the portrait of *Ankarstrom* ?" To which he replied, with evident warmth of manner, "*Ankarstrom's* portrait is a cabinet picture ; we keep it locked up in our hearts !"

and the most selfish views of ambition, all conspired together, and usurped the place of virtue. If the real history of the conspiracy should ever transpire, it will be manifest how low the assassin ranked among the members of a party, which extended, from the King's own relations, through all the ranks of society. Had it not been for this, *Gustavus* would have lived; and the mournful family of the misguided *Ankarstrom* might still have possessed their friend and parent. As a husband and a father, the latter was without reproach; and it may be imagined what was the anguish of his wife and children, when he was taken from them to answer for such a crime.* Among the various writers who have attempted to explain the motives for his conduct in this infamous murder, (at one time attributed to the influence of the *Parisian Jacobins*, and at another to the sect of *Illumines*,) there have not been wanted some who have ascribed it altogether to the King's own relations; and the belief that it might have been prevented by one of them, the most interested in the consequences of his death, is very general in *Sweden*. This is not a question for our decision; neither shall we meddle with it, further, than to make known the opinions which prevail concerning it in the country where this event happened. It is very certain, that, after *Gustavus* was no more, little desire was manifested, either to avenge his death, or to do justice to his memory. Of all the persons known to have been concerned as accomplices, *Ankarstrom* alone was put to death. Within four months after the affair happened, the *Opera House*, in which the King had been assassinated, was again opened; the *Court* appeared there with its usual splendour; and the very boards which had been stained by his blood, vibrated to the feet of the dancers. We made some inquiry of persons who had been eye-witnesses of all that passed upon the occasion, as to the behaviour of the King, when he found that the

wound he had received was mortal. It had been said, that, upon receiving this intelligence, he was overpowered by his feelings, and gave way to his tears; but every thing we heard served to convince us of his great magnanimity. In the midst of his bitter agonies, he prayed that the lives of his assassins might be spared; and, in more tranquil moments, earnestly occupied himself in measures for the immediate benefit and the future welfare of his country. In viewing the character of *Gustavus the Third*, his passion for the Arts, and his polished manners, we behold a Prince whose qualifications were more suited for the old Court of *Versailles* than for the throne of *Sweden*. The iron sceptre of the *Goths*, which his great ancestor, *Gustavus Vasa*, swayed in such a manner as to render *Sweden* formidable to surrounding nations, became, under the influence of his clemency, more impotent than a reed; and, consequently, there grew up beneath it all manner of civil dissensions and domestic conspiracies. Yet, amidst his defects and his vices, industriously exaggerated as they have been by his enemies, a certain elevation of soul was always conspicuous.

"The enterprising spirit with which he ascended the throne, lives recorded in history; nor has it been denied, that by those who make the great body of the people in *Sweden*, he was beloved while he lived, and regretted when he died."

The manner in which *Ankarstrom* was put to death is thus related.

"He was exposed upon a scaffold raised for the purpose, in front of the *Senate House*, upon the left of the pedestrian statue of *Gustavus Vasa*, and at the end of a street which here terminates in the square. The throng of spectators was immense. Several detachments of cavalry, with drawn sabres, preceded the cart in which *Ankarstrom*, surrounded by executioners, was conveyed from his prison. The streets were lined with infantry. After being publicly flogged, he was chained to a post, and left exposed, for several hours, to the view of all the people. Over his head were fastened, in a conspicu-

* He was taken from his own bed, where he was found tranquilly reclined by the side of his wife.

ous manner, the *dagger* and the *two pistols* with which he went to the masquerade : and above all, appeared this inscription, in the *Swedish* language : "*Assassin of the King.*" Several portraits of him have been sold : (that which has been engraved by Dr. C. is remarkable for the likeness it exhibits of the man ; and it shews at the same time, the manner in which he was exposed, during three successive days, to the people.) He was five feet two inches high : his hair was black, short, and frizzled ; his nose aquiline ; and he had a firm and lofty expression of countenance ; regarding the vast throng of

spectators with an unmoved appearance of calmness and indifference. Being thus exposed for three days, upon the fourth day his right hand was struck off ; after which he was beheaded, and his body separated into four quarters, which were exposed upon four wheels, in different quarters of the city. Five weeks after his execution, the remains of his carcase were visited by persons of distinction belonging to his party, and even by elegant women, as precious relics ; and verses attached to these wheels were frequently observed, commending the action for which he suffered."

To be continued.

From the Literary Gazette.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. XX.

DELICATE DISTINCTIONS.

That in the Captain's but a cholerie word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Measure for Measure.

'Tis the temptation of the devil,
That makes all human actions evil ;
For saints may do the same things by
The spirit, in sincerity,
Which other men are tempted to,
And at the devil's instance do—
And yet the actions be contrary,
Just as the saints and wicked vary.—

Hudibras.

"**H**OW sorry I was to see Lady —'s name in print," said Lady Leonora Ogle the other day. "I knew of her unfortunate attachment to the Colonel long ago. One can hardly blame her : she ought to have been married to the Colonel ; but he was too poor. The attachment has subsisted for ten years. How unlucky that it should have been exposed at last. She is much to be pitied." "And her Lord ?" said I—"Oh ! the nasty disagreeable creature !"

Oh ! ho ! cried I to myself, rubbing my forehead, I was right never to have been married. This is a delicate distinction, indeed, only fitted for high life. An illicit intercourse is called, in the circles of haut ton, an *unfortunate attachment* ! and because the lady has dishonoured her husband for years, 'tis a pity that she should be found out ! She can hardly be blamed for marrying

a man whom she hates, because he is rich ! nor for making him a cloak for her sins, because her lover is handsomer and poorer than he !—and *he* is not to be pitied, because, irritated by well-grounded suspicion, he becomes a disagreeable creature ! Very pretty indeed !

A moment after, a very elegant young man entered the drawing-room. He played off all the airs of an *Exquisite* of the world, looked grave and interesting, sighed, complained of ennui, of his unlucky stars, again looked interesting, and made his visit short. "I saw you in the King's Road, with you know who, yesterday," said she at parting. "No ! did you ?" replied he in a silvery tone, "I'm always seen by somebody ; I am an unfortunate devil. Adieu ! *au revoir.*"

"I do like that young man," exclaimed she, with much emphasis. "Indeed every body likes him, but his frump of a wife. I wonder how he could have sold himself to a lump of warehouse vulgarity, and of riches picked up in the dirt. The daughter of a Packer to aspire to such a man as that ! or to conceive for a moment that he could like her ! He is desperately attached to Mrs. ****, and I fear that there will be a *blow up* ere it be long. I have no patience with his jealous-pated spouse, who torments the poor fellow to death."

"And you pity *him* too ?" said I. "I

do," concluded her Ladyship, "from the bottom of my heart." Another nice distinction. A common man, who squandered his wife's means, treated her with scorn, and lived with another woman, would be reckoned a vagabond and a reprobate, and the case of the honest woman of a wife would be commiserated; but here the wife is blamed for not submitting gracefully and gently to adultery; and her presumption is excessive in expecting any thing else from so elegant a man.

Riding in the Park, I fell in with **** of the Guards. We took a turn or two, and met George Rackrent. "I am astonished," said I, "at seeing him about again. I understood that he was in prison, and that he had not a shilling left in the world out of his large fortune—What an impudent man he has been!" "True," said the bold Captain; "but I'm happy to tell you that he is now as fresh as ever; he has quite made a recover; he is brought round, and lives as comfortably as any man, and in pretty good style. He has taken the benefit; and has moreover been very lucky at play of late. I rather (with great emphasis and elongation of the *ra-ather*, which he spoke in a low tone, & divided into two distinct syllables) think that he has been put up; but I assure you he is as goodnatured and generous a fellow as ever lived; and in spite of all his misfortunes, he has not lost a friend, nor does he owe a gaming debt in the world."

Here's discrimination for you! He throws away his own fortune in gambling, in horse-racing, and in all sorts of debauchery; he pays his gaming debts in preference, and to the exclusion of his banker, his wine-merchant, his tailor, his butcher, and a host of minor creditors, who may be ruined by such conduct on his part; he degrades himself by taking the benefit of the insolvent act; he sets up in good style, instead of making an effort to be honest; he learns to cheat at cards and at dice; and yet, because he prefers fleecing strangers to not satisfying his friends, who, very likely, have little to lose, or may be up themselves, he is a goodnatured, generous fellow! nay, an honourable one,

altho' it is *ra-ather* thought that he lives by plunder! What would be thought of a tradesman, who lived beyond his means and above his sphere; then cheated his creditors; and afterwards subsisted by fraudulent practices?

This delicate distinction is something like my cousin Tom calling himself an *old soldier*, because he had learned to sell a horse for more than it was worth, to take advantage of a novice at billiards, to play a good hand at whist; and because he received obligations of every one, without returning any,—such as sponging upon a greenhorn, sharing the extravagance of a profligate, betting with the odds in his favour, and hoaxing the ignorant in all gentlemanly ways. Quære, Whether this is not being not only very unlike a soldier, but very like a rogue?

Lastly, a female servant came to Lady Leonora to be hired, on another morning when I was present. Her Ladyship asked her why she left her last place. "Why, my lady," said she, "honestly and candidly, I must confess that I had a misfortune." "Then," said her Ladyship, sternly, "you will not suit me for I cannot encourage vice." I expostulated with her Ladyship; and assured her that the misfortune of being married without priest, form, or ceremony, was just as natural as her other friend's *faux pas*, and that I should have expected her Ladyship's pity on this occasion just as charitably and extensively as on the former. But her Ladyship made a very nice distinction betwixt the orders of society, with the view of convincing me, that there was all the difference in the world.

Thus vice in the vulgar herd, is error in persons of quality; an adulterous intercourse in low life, is an unfortunate *tendre* in high life; extravagance in people of humble birth, is mere want of order in people of fashion; dishonesty of the inferior classes, is thoughtlessness in their betters; and robbing with dice in your hand instead of with a pistol on the highway, provided it be done in the higher circles, is only a little manœuvring—being awake, put up, or down as a nail, for which (with change of person, place and instrument) a wretched fellow

creature might be put up, upon a high post, or be put down in some dreary dungeon. When one hears these nice distinctions, one cannot help thinking of the song in the Beggar's Opera—

"Since laws were made for every degree,
To curb vice in others as well as in me,
I wonder we ha'nt better company
Upon Tyburn Tree?"

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

VOYAGE TO JAPAN.

From the Literary Gazette.

GOLOWNIN'S RECOLLECTIONS OF JAPAN, &c.
London, 1819. (CONTINUED.)

"THE Japanese artillery is still extremely imperfect. It is nearly in the same state as it was in Europe at the time that cast cannon began to be used. Those cast in Japan are of copper; and, in proportion to the calibre, uncommonly thick. The breech is unscrewed, in order to load; the Japanese, therefore, load their cannon very slowly, and do not fire until all the artillery men have retired to some distance; one of them then discharges it with a long linstock. Their cannonading therefore may put to flight savages by the noise but not Europeans."

Their infantry are armed with matchlocks, pikes, sabre and dagger, and bows and arrows, in the use of the latter of which they are much more dexterous than with their muskets and pistols, which have copper barrels and are very heavy.

The following is the extraordinary account which the Japanese are stated to have given of their population:

"They also shewed us a plan of the capital, and told us that a man could not walk in one day from one end of it to the other. When we questioned the Japanese respecting its population, they affirmed that it contained upwards of ten millions of inhabitants, and were very angry when we doubted it. They brought us the next day a paper from one of their officers, who had been employed in the police in Yeddo. It was stated in this paper that the city of Yeddo has in its principal streets two hundred and eighty thousand houses, and in each of them there live from thirty to forty people. Suppose there were only thirty, the number of the inhabitants must amount to eight millions four hundred thousand; add to this the

inhabitants of the small houses and huts, those who live in the open air, the Imperial Guard, the guard of the princes in the capital, their suites, &c., the number of the inhabitants must exceed ten millions. As a confirmation of their assertion, the Japanese mentioned besides, that Yeddo alone contained 36,000 blind people.* To this we could say nothing, and neither allow the Japanese to be in the right, nor contradict their assertion."

Of the customs and manners of this remarkable people, we have some curious notices.

"A very singular custom at the marriages of the Japanese is, that the teeth of the bride are made black by some corrosive liquid. The teeth remain black ever after, and serve to shew that a woman is married, or a widow. Another circumstance is, at the birth of

* Among the many singular institutions in Japan, is the class or order of the blind, who, with the consent of government, are united in a society in the whole kingdom, which has its privileges, laws, and a governor, whom they call Prince. They have assistants, treasurers, &c. who are all blind. They employ themselves according to their abilities in different works, and deliver to their Prince the money obtained for them, which is placed in a general treasury, & employed according to the rules of the society. Many blind men are physicians, especially in different diseases which the Japanese cure by means of baths; others are musicians. The society owes its foundation to a brave Japanese General, who during the civil wars lost his prince and benefactor, and was made prisoner by his adversary. The victor loaded this general with favours, and at last asked him if he would serve him; but the general answered, that he was indeed sensible of his goodness, but as he had murdered his former master and benefactor, he not only would not serve him, but could not even look at him without feeling an ardent desire of revenge. He was therefore resolved to deprive himself of the means of exercising vengeance, and at these words tore his eyes out of his head, and threw them at the feet of the victor. After the death of this hero, his friends instituted the order of the blind, which still exists.

every child, to plant a tree in the garden or court-yard, which attains its full growth in as many years as a man requires to be mature for the duties of marriage. When he marries, the tree is cut down, and the wood is made into chests and boxes, to contain the clothes and other things which are made for the new-married couple.

"The Japanese may marry as often as they please: marriages with sisters are prohibited; but they can marry any other relative." — — — —

"We once (says Golownin) saw the governor of Matsmai ride on horseback to a temple, where thanksgivings were to be celebrated, where he must go once every year in spring. The high priest, the priests and officers who were obliged to be present, were gone there before. He rode alone without ceremony; a small train attended him on foot. To the horse's bit there were fastened, instead of the bridle, two light blue girdles, which two grooms held fast on each side of the horse's mouth;

the two ends of these girdles were held by two other grooms, who went a little at a distance from the others, so that these four men occupied almost the whole road. The tail of the horse was covered with a light blue silk bag. The governor, dressed in his usual clothes, in which we had often seen him, sat without his hat, upon a magnificent saddle, and held his feet in wooden japanned stirrups, which resembled little boxes. The grooms who held the horse at the bit, continually cried: *Chai, chai*, that is, Softly, softly; however they pushed on the horse and made it leap and go quick; the governor therefore stooped and held fast the saddle with both hands. At a short distance before him went some soldiers in a row with two serjeants, and though nobody was in the way, they continually cried; "Make room! make room!" behind the governor followed the armour-bearers, who carried all the insignia of his dignity in cases: this was to signify that the governor was *incognito*."

Concluded in our next.

CHILD-MURDER.

From the Gentleman's Magazine, February 1819.

IN the Appendix to the Memoirs of the Hardinge family, (lately published) are various poetical pieces and other documents illustrative of the preceding narrative; but of all the serious documents, that which in our opinion confers most honour on Mr. Justice Hardinge, is his humane interference in behalf of women suspected of child-murder. It is too well known that our Judges on former occasions, in their charges, were influenced by certain erroneous opinions respecting the signs by which it may be known whether a child was born alive or dead. The popular, and indeed the professional opinion was, that if the lungs floated in water, the child must have been born alive: but if born dead, they would sink. This opinion, which had been generally acted upon as infallible, and as a very easy criterion, Mr. Justice Hardinge was, from better information, inclined to doubt, and had his doubts re-

solved first by the perusal of a letter of Dr. William Hunter, and lastly by the written opinions (here published) of three of the most eminent men of their day, Messrs. Cline, Home, and Cooper. Previously to this, the crime of child-murder had so frequently occurred in the Welsh circuit, over which Mr. Hardinge presided, that he was induced to write the following letter to the late Bishop Horseley; and one more replete with information on the subject, or with more just reflection, we know not where to find.

To the Right Rev. Dr. HORSELEY, Lord Bishop of St. Asaph.

"My dear Lord, April . . ., 1805.

"With many apologies, and with trembling hope that you will honour the inclosed with your attention, I lay them before you, and have nothing more at heart than to obtain a few hints from you upon so awful and so alarming a subject. In our part of Wales it is thought *no crime* to kill a bastard child. We had two cases equally desperate. One of the culprits (and perhaps the worst of the two in a moral view) escaped. Both of the offences were proved by irresistible evi-

dence.--In the case of the girl at Presteigne, circumstances transpired which are of a most affecting and peculiar nature. Her countenance was pretty and modest; it had even the air and the expression of perfect innocence.--Not a tear escaped from her, when all around her were deeply affected by her doom; yet her carriage was respectful, her look attentive, serious, and intelligent.--Short as the interval before she perished, her use of it was most wonderful.--It appeared that she had no defect of understanding, and that she was born with every disposition to virtue--but of her *crime* she had not the faintest conception; and there was not a single trace of *Religion* to be found in her thoughts. Of *Christianity* she had never even heard, or of *The Bible*; and she had scarce ever been at Church.

"A servant in a most profligate family, she attracted the notice of her young master, who intrigued with her. Her office was that of under-cook; and she killed her child, the moment after its birth, with a pen-knife, nearly severing the head from the neck. It was the same knife, and the same use of it, which had been her implement and constant habit in killing chickens. This murder, it appears by her confession (the most ingenuous and complete imaginable), that she committed in mercy to the child.

"The young Squire, though her favourite gallant, was not the father; but she did him justice in reporting, that, when he was apprized of her pregnancy he offered her to maintain the child when born, if she would only say that he was the father. Such was her sense of honour, that, although it would have saved her child's life and her own, she would not purchase these two lives by a falsehood. The father of the child, before its birth, (admitting the fact) refused in peremptory terms to maintain it when born. 'I determined, therefore, to kill it, poor thing!' (she said) *out of the way*, being perfectly sure that I could not provide for it myself.' These were her words and the substance of them was often repeated.

"Before she was tried, she solicited her young master's help in the gift of a single guinea to her, for a Counsel, to do the best for her he could--but her prayer was refused, and she would have been undefended if the High Sheriff had not, in compassion to her desolated situation, fee'd Counsel himself. She took it for granted that she would be acquitted; had ordered gay apparel, to attest the event of her deliverance; and supposed the young gentleman (whom I well knew) would save her by a letter to me.--She embraced the Gospel Creed, and its mercies,

with enlightened as well as fervent hope; took the sacrament with exemplary devotion; marked a perfect sense of remorse; and met her fate in the most affecting manner, with calm intrepidity, and with devout resignation. The Minister who attended her told me that *a feather of Religion would have made an Angel of this girl*.

"To wind up the characters in this Provincial Tragedy, tho' to the end of her life she spoke with romantic affection of her young master (whom yet she indirectly accused of seducing her); when she was no more, he gave the lie to all that she had asserted, and without a shadow of interest. It must not be forgot that her fellow-servant, the father of the child, when she complained of her sufferings from pregnancy, gave her an herb, which he told her that he had gathered, and advised her to take it; which she would never do, believing that it was intended by him to kill her child in the womb.

"As the Law now stands, concealment of pregnancy and birth is punished with two years imprisonment! though it is in that concealment that all these murders originate. I never yet heard of the Divine, Philosopher, Statesman, Judge, Moralist, or even Poet, who has written professedly upon this topic. There is, I believe, no allusion to it in Scripture. It never happens in high life; is the vice of the poor; and generally in the pale of domestic servitude. I believe that, in every instance of the kind, a total want of religious conceptions or habits will be found one of the features--and a neglected education the other. In proportion to the undisciplined and savage characters of the poor, this offence is more or less prevalent.

"There has not been a conviction at the Old Bailey for this crime during a period of twenty years, and the cases of trial for it have been very few.--In Wales they have been twice as numerous, and very often fatal. In Ireland, I am told, the habit of exposing children, most of whom die, rages like a pestilence.

"I wish to have your Lordship's opinion how you would correct the law upon that subject, and what expedients you would recommend for prevention of the mischief. I will do myself the honour to wait upon you whenever you will appoint me. It will be my turn at Brecon to deliver the charge in the Summer; and I wish to do as much good as I can, by admonition from the Bench. I remain, with highest respect,

"My Lord,

"Your most grateful and obedient servant,
"GEORGE HARDINGE."

THE-MARQUIS DE LA FAYETTE.

From the Monthly Magazine.

M. DE LA FAYETTE, having from his youth fought for the American cause, was very early in life penetrated with the principles of liberty, which form the basis of the government of the United States. If he committed errors relative to the French re-

volution, they arose entirely from his admiration of the American institutions, and for the hero Washington,—who guided the steps of his nation in the path of independence.

M. de la Fayette, young, rich, noble, beloved by his country, quitted all

these advantages at the age of nineteen, to serve, beyond the seas, this cause of liberty, the love of which decided the character of his whole life. Had he been so happy as to have been born in America, his conduct would have been that of Washington ;—the same disinterestedness, the same enthusiasm, the same perseverance in their opinions,—and they were alike equally distinguished as warm friends of humanity and benevolence.

Had General Washington been placed in the situation of the Marquis de la Fayette, chief of the National Guard of Paris, he very probably would not have been able to triumph over circumstances ; but would have failed in the attempt to preserve his vows of fidelity to his king, at the same time that he wished to establish the liberty of the nation.

It must, however, be acknowledged, that M. de la Fayette is a determined republican ; yet none of the vanities of his class ever entered his head : power, the effect of which is so great in France, had not the least ascendancy over him ; the desire of pleasing in the drawing-room did not at all modify the expression of his sentiments ; and he sacrificed his fortune to his opinions with the most generous indifference.

In the prison of Olmutz, as at the moment when his credit stood highest, he remained equally unshaken in his principles. He is a man whose manner of seeing and acting has always been direct and consistent. Whoever attentively observed him, might previously calculate with certainty upon what he would do under all circumstances. His political talents are similar to those of the United States ; and his face is more English than French.

The hatred of which M. la Fayette is the object, has failed to sour his character ; and his mildness of disposition is undisturbed : but it is equally true, that nothing has been able to change, or in the slightest degree vary, his opinions ; and his confidence that liberty will be triumphant, is as great as that of a pious man in the life to come. These sentiments, so different, so contrary to the selfish calculations of the major

part of those men who have played any part in France, may justly appear to some persons worthy of praise and commiseration : it is so silly, they say, to prefer one's country, and not to change one's party, when this party is beaten ;—in short, to consider the human race, not like a pack of cards, that we are obliged to turn to our advantage, but as the sacred object of an absolute devotion. Nevertheless, if we thus incur the reproach of silliness, may our men of genius soon merit it.

It is a very singular circumstance, that such a character as that of M. la Fayette should have manifested itself in the person of one of the first gentlemen in France ; but we can neither accuse nor judge him impartially without knowing him, and seeing his conduct in the light I have here painted it. It will then be easy to comprehend the various contrasts that arose out of his situation, and his manner of acting. Supporting the monarchy more from duty than inclination, he involuntarily drew nearer those principles of democracy which he was obliged to oppose ; and it was possible to perceive him lean towards the friends of the republic, though his reason and good sense forbade him to wish their system admitted in France.

Since the departure of M. la Fayette for America, which is now forty years, it is not possible to mention one action, or one word, that has not kept steadily in the same line, without his conduct ever having been influenced by the least personal interest. Success would have relieved this manner of existence ; but it demands all the attention of the historian, notwithstanding the circumstances, and even faults, which serve the enemy as weapons.

Such is the portrait given by Madame de Staël of M. de la Fayette, one of the most modest and unassuming, as well as most celebrated of men. We hope, in another number, to give an account of the same person by Lady Morgan. It will be interesting to oppose the judgment of these two celebrated women to the absurd stories and miserable calumnies of the general's en-

emies. It was not sufficient for them to attack his reputation, they must also find fault with his constitution in a physical sense. It is well known that General la Fayette is about sixty years old; that he enjoys a perfect state of health; that his gaiety and tranquillity are unalterable; that all his pleasures are centered in a domestic life; and that his only passion is to see consolidated the constitutional liberty of his country. He is said to be eighty years of age; overwhelmed with infirmities; afflicted with a deafness that prevents his understanding any conversation without the assistance of a trumpet; his dispo-

sition gloomy and morose; and, to complete the picture, he is devoured by ambition. It is only just that the public should be informed of these little *ruses de guerre*, which will doubtless be renewed each time it becomes a question of adding General la Fayette to the legislative body. It is very natural, that a man of his character and disposition, who has always been constant in his principles and his disinterestedness, should displease those persons whom we have so often seen opposed to themselves in their opinions, but always faithful to their principles of arbitrary sway.

VARIETIES.

From the Scots Magazine.

THE KING.

THE following particulars respecting the present condition of our venerable Sovereign may not be uninteresting to our readers: His Majesty is perfectly blind, and occupies a long suite of rooms, through which he is almost continually strolling. Several pianofortes and harpsichords are placed at certain intervals, and the Monarch frequently stops at them, runs over a few notes of Handel's Oratorios, and proceeds on his walk. He dines chiefly on cold meats, and frequently eats standing. He has a silk plaid dress, and will sometimes stop and address himself to a Noble Duke, or Lord, thus holding a colloquy, and furnishing their answers. The King suffers his beard to grow two or three days, seldom, however, exceeding three days. His hair is perfectly white. The Doctors Willis attend with the other physicians, but not with the privacy of the King.—He is quite cheerful in his conduct and conversation, eats very heartily, and enjoys good bodily health.

From the Literary Gazette.

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF HEROIC SELF-DENIAL.

(An original and authentic Anecdote.)

Dark burned the candle on the table at which the student St. * * was reading in a large book: "It all avails nothing, and nothing will ever come of it," said he fretfully to himself, and closed the volume, "I shall never become a preacher, I may study and tire myself as much as I will! The first sermon, in which I shall certainly hesitate, will without doubt render all this trouble vain; for do not I myself know the timidity and the peculiar misfortune

which accompany me in every undertaking?"

He now took from his dusty shelves a MS. and set himself down to read: it was an account of Rome, and particularly of St. Peter's Church, which was described with all the enthusiasm of an artist. St. * * suddenly rose, and clapping his hands together, said with transport, "O heaven, I must certainly see all this myself!"

But how? one does not get to Rome for nothing; the finances of the good student were in a very bad condition, and however carefully he examined and fumbled through all his pockets, he collected only a few pence, which certainly were not sufficient to pay his expenses to Rome. He went to bed quite restless, and even forgot to put out his candle, which at other times he never omitted; but during this uneasy night, he thought of means to accomplish his purpose. The next morning he fetched an old clothesman, and sold every thing except the dress he had on, and a single shirt for change which he put in his pocket. The sum which he got from the greedy Israelite for all he had was not much, and yet honesty, a virtue which he possessed in the highest degree, demanded of him to pay his few small debts. After he had performed this duty in the most conscientious manner, he counted up his remaining property, and was pleased on finding him-

self the possessor of five dollars, (one pound sterling) because he hoped with this sum, and with strict frugality, to travel to Rome and back again.

He now, therefore, began his journey in the highest spirits, and wandered over fertile Germany with heartfelt joy, at the beauties of nature in his beloved country. How did Italy's mild and balsamic airs refresh him, how did he indulge all his senses in the contemplation of the delightful scenes that crowded on him from every side, and how did his heart thrill with bliss when he beheld the towers of Rome shining in the misty distance. Long did he stand gazing and enraptured, and a tear of joy stood in his eyes ; he walked on lost in thought, and towards evening he reached a hill at the foot of which the Queen of Cities, illumined with gold, and purple by the blush of the evening sky, lay in the most glorious splendour. He seated himself upon the summit of the hill, and turned his eyes constantly, with the most heartfelt longing, towards the object of his secret wishes. After his soul had satiated itself with this delightful picture, he at length thought of examining his stock of money, that he might see how much he could spare in Rome in examining the captivating wonders, without depriving himself of the necessary means for his journey back. When he had counted it he found that he had just spent the half of it, viz. two dollars and a half. Of course he had been frequently obliged, in the pursuit of his journey, to beg a night's lodging and dinner from the clergymen on the road, to be able to reach so far upon so trifling a sum, but never did he receive money or ask alms. If, then, he would return to his native country without begging, he must not see Rome, and he had, in fact, the heroic self-denial to form this resolution on the spot. He, therefore, remained for that night on this hill, saw the moon and stars rise over the much-beloved Rome ; he listened with silent delight to the chime of the church bells in the stillness of the evening, and when the morning sun, rising in the east, tinged the domes and towers of the city with red, he " cast one longing lingering

look behind," and began in silent musing his journey home.

Whatever instances of heroic self-denial history may record, it can produce no greater than that which this obscure individual exercised in the simplicity of his heart.

He returned home with his longing gratified, and employed his last penny in paying the boatman who ferried him over to his native island. He renounced the study of divinity, which he hated, and entered into the service of a peasant, with whom he continued for a whole year, at the end of which he employs his wages which he has saved, on a journey to the East, whither, impelled by the love of travelling, he has with a joyful heart set out upon a pilgrimage.

DAVIES

was perhaps the closest reasoner that ever wrote in rhyme ; and we insert a few specimens of his verse who wrote on " the immortality of the soul" at 25, and on " the art of dancing" at 52.—Well might the dancing master in Moliere exclaim, "*La philosophie est quelque chose—mais la Danse !*"

THE VANITY OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE.

Why did my parents send me to the schools,
That I with knowledge might enrich my mind ?
Since the desire to know first made men fools,
And did corrupt the root of all mankind.

— — — — —
What is this knowledge but the sky-stol'n fire,
For which the thief* still chained in ice doth sit ?
And which the poor rude satyr did admire,
And needs must kiss, but burnt his lips with it.

— — — — —
In fine, what is it but the fiery coach
Which the youth sought,† and sought his death
withal,
Or the boy's wings‡ which, when he did approach
The sun's hot beams, did melt and let him fall.

— — — — —
The wish that dived most deep and soar'd most
high,
Seeking man's powers have found his weakness
such ;

Skill comes so slow, and time so fast doth fly,
We learn so little and forget so much.

For this the wisest of all mortal men
Said, " He knew nought but that he did not know,"
And the great mocking master mock'd not then,
When he said truth was buried deep below.

As spiders touch'd, seek their webs inmost part !
As bees in storms, back to their hives return ;

* Prometheus. † Phaeton. ‡ Icarus.

As blood in danger gathers to the heart ;
As men seek towns when foes the country burn :

If aught can teach us aught, affliction's looks
(Making us pry into ourselves so near.)
Teach us to know ourselves beyond all books,
Or all the learned schools that ever were.

She within lists my ranging mind has brought,
That now beyond myself I will not go :
Myself am centre of my circling thoughts :
Only myself I study, learn, and know.

I know my body's of so frail a kind,
As force without, fevers within can kill ;
I know the heavenly nature of my mind,
But 'tis corrupted both in wit and will.

I know my soul hath power to know all things,
Yet is she blind and ignorant in all ;
I know I'm one of nature's little kings,
Yet to least and vilest things am thrall.

I know my life's a pain, and but a span ;
I know my sense is mocked in every thing :
And, to conclude, I know myself a man,
Which is a proud and yet a wretched thing.

Thus, a hundred years before Pope,
was "the noblest study of mankind"
asserted and pursued.

MRS. LAMONT'S POEMS.

From the Panorama, 1819.

*Poems, and Tales in Verse, by Mrs. Æneas
Lamont [formerly of Baltimore.]* London.

We have so often been compelled to
read trash in measured lines, by cour-
tesy yecept Poems, that it is truly grat-
ifying to meet with a publication which
has some pretensions to the character of
poetry. We select the following from
the smaller pieces, as no unfavourable
specimen of the grave and sportive.—

THE BOY AND THE BUTTERFLY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

'T WAS in a garden sweet and gay,
A beauteous boy rov'd with delight ;
Before him, in a rich display
Of colours, glittering in the ray,
A butterfly attracts his sight.

From flower to flower the fickle thing
In many a sportive ringlet flies,
And seems so lovely on the wing,
No weariness the chace can bring,
Though vainly the pursuit he tries.

Now on a pink in balmy rest,
He strives to make the prize his own ;
Now on a rose's fragrant breast,
He thinks its flight he shall arrest,
But, lo ! again the wanton's flown.

And still the chace no toil can bring,
Though vainly the pursuit he tries ;
So tempting seems the lovely thing,
Thus seen at distance on the wing,
Still glittering in his ardent eyes.

And now his hopes to tantalize,
Behold it on a myrtle near !
Next on a violet bank it lies—
He steals, and with his hat he tries
To cover the gay flutterer here.

But all in vain each art and wile
To catch the beauteous playful thing ;
Yet still he disregards his toil,
Its beauties still his pains beguile,
Thus seen before him on the wing.

At last the flutterer he espies,
Half buried in a tulip's bell,
He grasps the flower in glad surprize—
Within his grasp the insect dies ;—
His vain regrets, his tears now tell.

Thus Pleasure, that gay butterfly,
In prospect cheers the mind ;
But if too eagerly we clasp,
It perishes within our grasp,
And leaves a sting behind.

The following works are in the press.

A new periodical work is announced,
written in ancient or modern Greek only, and
by natives of Greece ; the principal object
of which is to make the friends of the Greek
nation acquainted with the present state of
knowledge amongst them, and with their en-
deavours for their regeneration.

A Voyage up the Persian Gulph, and a
journey over land from India to England in
1817, containing an account of Arabia Felix,
Arabia Deserta, Persia, Mesopotamia, &c.
&c. By William Heude, esq.

A Journey to Persia in the Suite of the
Imperial Russian Embassy in the year 1817,
By M. de Kotzebue.

Emmeline, an unfinished tale, with some
other pieces. By the late Mrs. Brunton, Au-
thor of "Self Control," &c.

Mr. Bucke, author of *Amusements in Re-
tirement*, is printing in four octavo volumes,
*Meditations and Reflections on the Beauties,
Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature.*

Mr. Dodwell's long promised *Travels* will
certainly appear in May, accompanied with
the first portion of his views in Greece.

Accounts from Italy, later than those
which we formerly mentioned, state, that
letters have been received from Mr. Belzoni
by his family, which not only further con-
tradict the story of his death, but give reason
to expect that he will visit his native country
in the course of this summer. The import-
ance of this gentleman's discoveries in Egypt,
especially at Thebes, the Pyramids, Sphynx,
&c. renders this intelligence deeply interest-
ing to every lover of science.

Baron D'EVELKRANG, President of the
Royal College of Commerce at Stockholm,
and author of many ingenious mechanical
inventions, has lately invented a machine for
spinning flax, which has been submitted to
the inspection of a commission appointed by
the King of Sweden. By means of this ma-
chine, ten persons may, during ten hours,
spin thirty-six pounds of flax. It is said
that Buonaparte offered a million to any per-
son who would produce a machine with
these properties, and the first attempt of the
kind was made by a Belgian.

POETRY.

From the New Monthly Magazine, April 1819.

EXTRACTS FROM SOME UNPUBLISHED
SCENES OF "MANUEL," A TRAGEDY,
BY THE REV. C. R. MATURIN.

ACT III.

De Zelos and Mendozabel.

Mend. How, my lord—

De Z. Nay, pardon me, I know not what I utter ;
But this I know, which much concerns your wisdom :
Mark me, my worthy lord, this ancient railer
Not to your courts confines his clamorous outrage ;
In your wide streets it bruits, raves through your
walls,

Teaching the credulous, change-loving multitude,
The wealth-sworn burgher and swart artizan,
With the crowded but hushed streets to throng,
To nod with hollow look—gripe with stern clutch—
Dart dangerous meanings from the speaking eye,
Then part like men whose parting seems to say,
We'll meet anon to purpose : look to this—
Your streets are full of it.

Mend. Is't possible ?

De Z. Possible ! aye, and to the meanest hamlet
Th' infection spreads ; th' untaught and weaponless
rustic

Treads with a firmer step, as his stern song
Dooms to despair that murderer's soul.

Men. My lord !

De Z. Oh, sir ! I prize the clamours of the crowd
Light as the winds that waft them ; but 'tis horrible
To feel the curses which the writhen lip
In stifling gives more vehement utterance ;
To feel the curse in the averted eye,
Withdrawn, but not extinguished ;
Inhale an air, poisoned with execration—
Tread on an earth, whose echoes to my steps
Answer in groans ;—dread at my doubtful meals
The cup that hate presents, and the piled dainties
Suspicion plucks back hunger from—'tis horrible—
But most of all to dread slow-stealing night,
That like a murderer in its bosom bears
Visions that stab me sleeping.

Toralva. My noble friend, banish such wayward
fancies ;

You do with too much sorrow load your spirit,
If you—thus wrongfully accused—do feel
Your nice and sensitive frame with anguish thrill,
What feels Alonzo's murderer ?

De Z. (*much agitated*) Ask me not—
It would too deeply rend the soul to speak it—
How should I tell thee what a murderer feels ?

Men. Nay drop the ungracious theme, thou seest it
moves him.

De Z. It doth indeed.

ACT IV.

De Zelos and Ximena.

Xi. I dreamt I stood within a proud alcove,
Where white-stoled virgins robed me as a bride,
But told no bridegroom's name—and when I asked,
Their smile had a strange kind of ghastly sweetness.

De Z. Well, dreamer—who was this immortal
wooer ?

Xi. List to me yet—I sat, as is the wont
Of Spanish maids, within the midnight bower,
To wait the bridal song that calls them thence.
—It came—the bridal song—on the hushed air
Rose rich and troubled, like the groans of melody ;
Then sunk the strain, and thrice my name was uttered :
Come my pale bride—and endless be our union ;
—It was *Alonzo's* voice that called on me—

De Z. He hath no voice—may th' unbodied spirit
Thus haunt and howl around our shaking mansion—
I will have walls of adamant.

Xi. Oh hear me yet, for on the waking ear
Strikes with more certainty no living sound.
Starting I woke, and sat the live-long night,
And on my lute traced the remembered chords
(And bid my weeping maidens learn it too),
Hark, list to it.— [*music within.*]

De Z. (*great agitation*)—Hush, hush those sounds
of woe
They feed her madness—they will drive me mad.
Wouldst with his funeral dirge insult his—kinsman
(*recovering*)

This must be craft-damned, damned dissembling all.

(*approaching her fiercely and seizing her hand*)

Hear me, and tremble—ha !—unbid thou tremblest.

This dry and burning touch—this wasted hand,

Within whose veins health revelled yesterday—

(*dropping it and gazing on her*)

This is not art—

Xi. Canst thou place this shrunk hand—
Thro' whose thin membrane thou mayst see the pulse
Which soon shall cease to beat—within another's

(*grasping his hand affectionately*).

Nay keep it in thy grasp—While yet thou mayst.

De Z. (*affected at first, then flinging her away*)
Wed him and die—Now, girl, thou knowst my will.

ACT V.

*Victoria surveying her apartment in the Castle of
Almuncar.*

The carved roof, on which my fretful taper
Flings streaks of light 'mid gulphing cavities,
Like the ribbed hulk of some gigantic wreck,
Thro' which the sullen wave that sunk it darkens ;
Yon crested arch beneath its sculptured keystone
Doth darklier frown ;—its notched and fretted lines
Seem in the light's pale gilding like some visage,
Whose fierce distorted lineaments do glare
In ghastly mockery at me—(*she sees the tapestry*)

—Oh ye folds

Of wavering curtained darkness, whose dim range
Doth heave in ominous swelling, is there yet
Beyond your shade, some darkly-lurking shape
—Of giant-form dimensionless,—the eye,
Dizzy with terror, measures not, but catches
In fear's dark mirror multiplied.

Manuel in the vault.

The furred and murky lamp
Fed with foul exhalations and blue damps—
Like a clouded star thro' autumn's nights—
Gleams sadly, as if light were here a stranger—
Shrink not from earthly tread thou land of darkness,
Let not the worm forsake his feast, nor th' owl
Cease from his dirge for me, nor the gorged reptile
Couch in corruption's festering house to shun me ;

—And ye whose fearful being hath no name,
Vampire or Goul, or things of fouler nature,
That with the rotting sleep's unnatural revels
Loathed dalliance hold ;—upon the shadowy confines
Of your dark empire unscathed I stand—
I am of earth no longer.

(He addresses the supposed inmates of the place)

Oh ye with unfleshed arms, and sightless sockets
Where eyes have been, and bleached and hairless skulls
Swathed in the recent shroud, or sternly clattering
In hollow nakedness of nerveless bone.
Crusted with charnel mould of livid green,
On the black ribs of death *horribly verdant*—
Ye visible watchers round the hopeless bed,
Where groans and gnashing and th' impenitent yell
Do make the iron music of despair ;—
Who 'gainst the doubtful spirit's shivering flight
Do sentinel the passes of redemption ;—
Ye forms of horror wheresoe'er ye be—

Victoria. Oh cease this horrid impious adjuration—

From the Scots Magazine.

[The following songs were translated from the German by a young officer in the Rocket Brigade, attached to the Swedish corps in the campaign of 1813. He still remembers, with pleasure, hearing the former of them sung by Claudina Blumenberg, the prettiest girl in Nordheim, to Mozart's beautiful air, "*Ahi questo luogo*."]]

I.—THE RHINE.

O SWEET flows the current by town and by tower,
The green sunny vale, and the dark linden bower:

Thy waves, as they dimple, smile back on the plain,
And Rhine! dearest river, thou art German again.

Thy roses smell sweeter, the air is more free,
More lively the song of the bird on the tree :—
The yoke of the mighty is broken in twain ;
And Rhine! dearest river, thou art German again.

The land is at peace, and breaks forth into song,
Thy hills in their bosom the cadence prolong,
Thy sons in their chaunting re-echo the strain—
Our Rhine, our own river, is German again!

Thy daughters, sweet river, thy daughters so fair,
With their eyes of soft azure, and bright sunny hair,
Repeat mid their dances, at eve on the plain—
Our Rhine, our own river, is German again!

II.—TYROLESE WAR SONG.

COME, sons of the Hill! leave the Chamois and
Roe,

For the harvest lies thick in the valley below ;
Bavaria and Gaul they have bended their might ;
The slave and the tyrant are harnessed for fight.

Then, gather ye here, in the mist and the snow,
On the tower of your strength, o'er the heads of the
foe—

Should the flash of your bright arms be seen from
your shroud,

It will seem only lightning that breaks through the
cloud.

Should the sound of your watchword be heard in
the night,

They will think it the echo of winds from the height:

And the clash of your feet as ye rush to the plain,
Will be heard as a winter brook swelled with the
rain.

And gather, ye eagles, ye wolves of the hill ;
The banquet is set, ye shall revel your fill :
Come down like the whirlwind, come down like the
flood,
For the reapers are gone to the harvest of blood.

From the European Magazine.

THE LYKEWAKE DIRGE.*

[By the author of *Legends of Lampidosa, &c.*]

THOU hast looked on the wimpering burn,
Thou hast gather'd the summer fern ;
If there never was maiden then
Wept for thee in the trying gien, Spirit, pass !

If there never was in thy youth
Thought of joy and speech of truth ;
If thou hast sate beneath the aik,
And ne'er pu'd branch for true love's sake,
Nor linger'd at thy dear one's knee,
Nor thought her beauty best to see,
Pass!—but thou hast not in thy heart
One spark that can from earth depart.

If thou hast never turn'd away
From sunny cleft or greenwood brae,
To look upon the old roof-tree
Where once thy brother dwelt with thee ;
If that roof-tree is not more dear
Than marble halls and princely cheer,
O then in Heaven there will nothing be,
That can claim brotherhood with thee.

If thou hast looked on th' starry skies,
And wish'd to have their thousand eyes,
To seek and find a lady rare
That with thy fancy might compare ;
Or if thou hast ever ask'd the sun
To lend thee of his day-beams one,
That thou might'st every day be bright,
And carry gladness to her sight ;
Pass to Heaven!—for thy dreams have been
Of beauty such as there is seen :
Pass—for on earth thou couldst not find
One woman's love to match thy mind.

If thou hast not thought thy feast was poor
When thy father's friend forgot thy door ;
If the hand of a stranger laid the clay
On thy mother's head of silver grey ;
If thy sister sat in her woe alone,
And thy brother mourn'd thy cold hearth-stone ;
Pass away!—for the chill of death
Has been with thee since thou hadst breath ;
Pass!—thy spirit alone will wait
Naked and cold at Heaven's gate !

If thou canst not call an hour to mind
When thou didst love all human kind,
Pass!—for thou hast not since thy birth
Once honour'd Heaven or hallow'd earth :
But if thou hast ever hop'd and strove
To bind this world in one bond of love,
O keep that hope to eternity !
That hope must stay in Heaven with thee !

Spirit, pass !

V.

* Highlanders address such a song to those whose remains they watch. The first lines allude to ceremonies well known in the place of tryst, or assignation.